

COLONEL
GASCOIGNE
VC

F. J. HUNTER

A STORY OF
TRAVEL,
ADVENTURE
AND LOVE





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Travel, Adventure & Love



BY

FRANCIS J. HUNTER

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TO THE FOND MEMORY

OF MY

FATHER AND MOTHER

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CHAPTER I

This story opens in the early spring of 1874 and the locality, to be exact, lies 335 miles from Winnipeg and twenty-five miles due north of Regina, in the recently formed and tentative, Province of Assiniboia. Regina, a few years later than the opening of this tale, was proclaimed by the then Federal Government at Ottawa, the Capital of the North West Territories of Western Canada, beyond the Great Lakes, and it was for many years subsequent to 1881 the Capitol City, where the Government held its parliamentary assemblies and where representatives of the population, very sparsely settled throughout thousands of squares miles, gathered to frame and operate the laws under the direction and the control of recently appointed judges, together with the skilled and courageous help of the North West Mounted Police, framed directly after their older and more experienced exemplars, the Royal Irish Constabulary, than whom no finer body of cavalry-men could be found in any portion of the world.

When Regina was decided upon as the

Western Capitol. Edgar Dewdney was appointed the first Governor and he was in every respect a worthy representative of our beloved Queen Victoria and one who could be thoroughly relied on to execute, justly and with exactitude, the laws recently then placed on the statute-book. The Honorable Mr. Dewdney, a virile and very capable administrator, of fine appearance, physically attractive, about six feet high and formed proportionally, assumed in addition to the Governorship, the Commissionership of Indian affairs, which practically empowered him to dictate, as he willed, to over 40,000 full blooded Indians and 2 or 3 thousand half-breeds contained within a vast area, beginning, on the East at the western extremity of the Great Lakes to well into the Rockies on the West, as far north as the Artic Circle and south to the international line, between Canada and the United States.

A few years later Mr. Dewdney's duties being found too laborious for any one man to undertake successfully, no matter how competent he might be either mentally or physically, and he possessed both, Mr. A. E. Forget, a very able French Canadian, and a Montrealer, who made a special study of Indian character, relieved Mr. Dewdney of

the Commissionership and subsequently, a few years after the latter retired to reside on pension in Victoria, B. C. assumed the Governorship, and for many years his administration was a perfect example, i. e., so far as human affairs can be judged, of justice finely tempered by a generous humanity, suitably expressed in the biblical text — "Do ye unto others etc."



CHAPTER 2

The Royal N. W. Mounted Police, a few years later, was in command of Colonel A. G. Irvine, a Quebecer, whose father was Aide-de-Camp to a former Governor General of Canada, Lord Monk, whose elder son was for many years a very able and learned judge in Quebec. They were a family of good old Scotch stock. The Colonel, at the time described, had a splendid body of mounted men under him — The recruiting officers examined applicants in the larger cities of Eastern Canada, many of the best were enlisted in Montreal and comprised men of excellent English, Scotch and Irish stock. A large number thereof were Oxford, Cambridge, and Trinity College, and Dublin, graduates. In the years 1882, and subsequently, numbers of these young fellows, when playing cricket matches with civilian elevens, sported their respective University colors and it may be said, without the least exaggeration, that it was a difficult matter to find, throughout Canada, a team who could rival them. The police had what they called "mixed elevens"

at this period, i. e., they comprised half officers and the balance troopers, or privates.

About 500 troopers were always in barracks, 3 miles from the City of Regina, and in the front of these were the detached and comfortable residences of the Colonel and Officers, with their families. At the side, and a convenient distance therefrom, was a large riding school in command of an ex-Sergeant Major of the Royal Irish constabulary. This man was a riding expert and as the constables completed their training on horseback, as well as in the use of fire arms, they were distributed, throughout the length and breadth of the North West, in small bands of about half a dozen, according to the extent and population of the district they were expected to cover.

The officers of these small contingents were Justices of the Peace and legally assumed the offices of petty judges. They were guided by manuals which they were strictly ordered, by their superiors, to follow without deviation and so perfectly were these instructions followed that, generally considered, law and order were without difficulty maintained throughout this immense territory. . . . Principally on account of the history of, and the inbred love for liquor, (or fire water) possessed by all Indian tribes, and half-breeds, the importation

was stricly prohibited and it was quite impossible to bring spirits, or ale, into the N. W. Territories, without procuring first from the Governor in person, a signed permit the limit of which was five gallons of the former and a barrel, of thirty-two gallons, of the latter.


It may well be imagined what judgment and diplomacy were required to offset the desires, if not threats, of 40,000 Indians and half-breeds.

Notwithstanding the ever active movements and supervision of the N. W. M. Police the smuggling of spirituous liquors, from ever the border of the United States, principally from Montana and Dakota Territories, and through the passes of the Rocky Mountains, continued at times. This traffic was encouraged by the Indians throughout the land, because the evasion of the law was as great a delight to the Indian as a doll to a child or, in fact, to a well conducted and educated citizen who inherits the trait of getting the better, by hook or by crook, of the fiats of justice.

During the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 1881-1882, at that era the rails were being laid past Regina about from 5 to 8 thousand ravies were engaged, and this necessitated their food and drink being carried through Winnipeg from the

east a distance of 356 miles to the end of the rails. These navvies comprised men of all nationalities, including hundreds of Italians, with their quick tempers and hasty resort to the dagger.— It was with these laborers, of all nations, that the smugglers tried hard, and often with success, to get in their illegal work. The reader may easily grasp the difficulty of controlling such a wild crowd, especially as they had a great deal of money, the accumulation of months, with no shops or other inducements whereby to rid themselves of it. In fact so plentiful had this money become that they wagered, and bet it away at poker and other games of chance, and actually when being unable at these games to do so, burnt their one dollar bills by lighting their cigars and pipes.

At this time Regina had a population of 800, all housed under canvas.—These people were principally Eastern born from all the Provinces of Canada, interspersed with natives of many European countries. Nearly all these people had money and lived luxuriously, like the Indians, viz: today we have to-morrow what? perhaps nothing. — Happy go lucky. But with the serious responsibilities of maintaining order throughout this seemingly illimitable North West, which indeed appeared to my reason like



looking into or contemplating eternity, or a vast lonely inland sea", humanity looked for, and found, its pleasures and recreations, on and off, here and there.

There was a good skating-rink in Regina but with ice so hard, at a temperature sometimes of 40° below and once, I remember, the spirit thermometer indicating 52°, under that startling cipher.

A toboggan slide was erected also, in the City square and there young people, of both sexes, would resort and have heaps of fun. In the summer the writer was the first to have a tennis-court in the grounds of the only chartered Bank. There was no trouble getting together young enlisted men from the Barracks of the Mounted Police, and many of these players were famous performers of the game, coming from English Universities, schools, and colleges, such as Eton & Harrow, while there were always skilled men, at the game, from many of our Eastern Canada Clubs.



CHAPTER 3

Now, from fun we change to what some questionable philosophers describe as "tragedy" but which I the writer, more generously inclined, prefer to designate as domestic felicity, at least seen from the surface and that sublimity is "marriage". Two youthful acquaintances determined to contract a matrimonial alliance instantler, money or no money, so long as there was sufficient for the marriage license and a moderate fee for the Clergyman. The bride, an angel of this happy alliance, lived at her home in the Qu'Appelle Valley, 25 miles due north of Regina. The delighted bridegroom was an Eastern Canadian, and at the time, was employed in a City office at a fair salary, just perhaps sufficient to maintain life in a pioneer district where everything, both edible and otherwise, had to be imported. In 1882 there was, in the whole Province of Assiniboia, an area of thousands of square miles, one milk cow and one domestic cat. Consequently the milk, in the winter season had to come all the way from Manitoba and at the local Railway station, this milk, frozen into solid chunks, used to

be carted around to the various customers, hotels and private houses. The housekeepers carried this frozen milk to the kitchen and melted it in boilers placed on the stove. For hundreds of miles north, south, east and west there was no fire wood excepting poplar which, as you know, is soft and spongy, nevertheless \$16 a cord had to be paid or else go without. I offered, by-the-by \$5 *cash* for the only cat in the Province and was indignantly refused.

But, let us to the marriage. There were only five invited guests from Regina but the owner, and driver, of the two pure bred prairie broncho-horses, standing 16 to 17 hands, with barrel shaped bodies, strong legs, unshod like nearly all of their breed in those far off days, were well nourished and in hardened and prime condition. Like all bronchos they have wild looking but large deep gray eyes and the mane and tail are very thick and long. In the winter they can maintain themselves by eating the snow and digging through the crust with their fore feet and eating the tuft-grass, on which even, at 40° below 0, they actually grow fat, where an Eastern horse would perish. The Shaggannappi pony is similarly endowed by nature to resist the extreme cold, without any warm covering whatever.

In addition to the men of the party, the

most noteworthy of these was the Rev. H. Havelock Smith, of St. Georges Church, Regina, the celebrant of this nevertobe forgotten wedding. My bosom friend J. A. MacCaul, an outstanding, determined and courageous young man of 27, a native of Ottawa, Ont. an athelete of renown, who ran his quarter mile in less than 54 seconds at Montreal, on the old Shamrock grounds, and his opponents, whom he beat, were drawn from the best runners all over the Dominion.

Three men and two ladies comprised the invited guests, the horses were duly harnessed and the conveyance, a large sled with 3 stout poles on either side, the floor being filled with seasoned valley-hay, over which were spread several splendid buffalo robes. Attached to the poles were strong canvas curtains to shelter the ladies and in a joyous, happy mood we started to cross the prairie at 8 o'clock, of a bright sunny day, with nothing to see but fields of snow in every direction and between the City, and our destination, there then did not exist a habitable house, or shelter of any kind.

On a good hard trail, 25 miles straight to the Qu'Appelle Valley, as the crow flies was our goal, and indeed the bronchos being well fed, and food in abundance taken with us, the horses broke into a sharp lope,

a prairie mode of locomotion, only known to this particular breed.

We moved along rapidly the glass reading 30° below O and amusing ourselves by telling stories and singing, time passed rapidly, and pleasantly, and about 4.30 P. M. we arrived at our destination, a substantial bungalow erected on and sheltered by the hills of the Valley.

The wedding was a picturesque one, the bride being gowned in a tight-fitting tailor made costume of navy blue, a velvet toque of the same color, trimmed with pink, white kid gloves, a pearl necklace, the gift of the groom, a handsome seal skin saque, and a black fox skin around the neck. The groom wore a golfing suit of heavy gray Scotch tweed, knickers and stockings to match. An unusual feature of his attire, however, being a pair of thick and heavily beaded deer skin moccasins, in keeping with the severe temperature. The Clergyman, Rev. H. Havelock Smith performed the happy ceremony, in his usual competent manner. J. A. MacCaul, the best man, did not drop the wedding ring, the forthcoming and delighted husband was as firm as a rock, pronouncing the yes! as if he were ordering a squadron of cavalry to charge. The pretty bride delighted the audience by being as coura-

geous as "hubby" and pronounced "yes I shall honor and obey" as if she were longing, not only to receive her husband with outflung arms but the whole squadron of the aforesaid cavalry, as well.

After bidding adieu to the bride's father and mother, and the other guests from the valley of the Qu'Appelle, Alphonse harnessed the bronchos to the sled and after making the ladies comfortable within, we began the return journey under the most favorable auspices, a bright sun, absolutely calm, the sky a cold clear blue, a crescent moon and not a cloud to mar the beauty of the heavens.

The horses were in fine fettle, strained at the traces, muscles taut, heads stretched to the utmost, ears pointing forward, nostrils showing red and spouting a stream of frozen vapor, an occasional sniffing and snorting as they trotted, all life and vigor, showing the blooded strain in every movement. It was a bright and unique scene which only the brush of our great painter, Cullen, could have done justice to. "Marchedon", Alphonse shouted, cracking his whip and turning his head northward said—"a slight breeze is now stirring and look at that very small cloud approaching". On and on, over the splendid hard trail the bron-



chos dashed, constantly throwing pellets of snow behind them, the accumulations from the frogs of the feet. At this time of the day the glass registered still 30° below zero, the wind was gradually increasing, the cloud, which Alphonse had pointed out, getting larger and travelling fast before the increasing wind.

Alphonse looked again at the sky and said he did not like the look, or feel of conditions for, said he "I'm like a barometer and at the present time I register a storm". Suddenly, as if the bronchos understood the word, they sprang forward, straining in their collars and at the traces, the bells jingled merrily as the horses spouting vapor from their nostrils, broke into a very fast trot.

The nervousness, which the driver felt, conveyed itself to the reins, thence to the nervous, high bred bronchos and they suddenly stretched out at gallop which all the men and women appeared to enjoy thoroughly, excepting Alphonse who, being born and brought up on the prairie, sensed danger which the others could not. Songs and stories followed again and for another hour, until the nervous shaking of the bronchos' heads, their constant whinneying, as if they scented other animals not far off,

drew our attention to the changed condition of the elements, the ever increasing wind and the enlarging of the cloud which now was getting ominously larger as it scudded before the wind. On, on, ever forward, approaching our destiny and I wondered, as I watched, if the others realized what would be our fate if our faithful bronchos collapsed. It would mean death to the party sure and certain, for we had only reached half way home. In the prime of life and as hard as nails we all knew that in the approaching blizzard if any untoward accident happened the horses, nothing could stay our untimely end "en avant" and a crack of the whip, the bronchos' backs, necks, manes and tails were covered with sparkling crystals which vividly showed their long sustained speed and effort. The wind now was what old prairie pioneers called, "half a gale", tiny, frozen, and flint like particles of snow were flying past and nipping our faces as though composed of steel filings. Small corkscrews of snow, like fairies, about a foot high were detaching themselves from the floor of the prairie, twisting and dancing all around us, as far as the eye could see. The trail was now being covered by the drifting snow, the bronchos were off as much as on the road,

this condition increased their nervousness, making them plunge forward straining on their bits and, at times, falling to their knees. At last it was growing dark but bronchos, like cats, can see in the darkness and Alphonse wisely gave them their heads.



CHAPTER 4

Suddenly violent gusts of wind coming, at the rate of 100 miles an hour, straight from the east, the thermometer stationary at 30° below O since the day before and while, with painful effort, we looked about us, a wall of snow, seeming like solid blocks of opaque ice, enveloped us for a radius of about 100 yards. For the first time the men felt that the outcome of the wedding looked very serious indeed and the ladies were becoming quite alarmed and Alphonse was abnormally but, actually, terrorised. We did all we could to pacify him and the two ladies, but they constantly looked nervously around about.

The whinneying of the bronchos for the first time gave place to nervous heavy breathing and snorting, they constantly extended their necks, took the bit between their teeth, puled on the reins, kicked with their hind feet and viciously stood on their hind legs, and pawed the frozen air with their fore feet. The trail was quite lost, covered with drift, so that the horses' fatigue was doubled but they stood up to it as only

the steel muscled breed could do, nevertheless in the darkness nature must soon succumb. Alphonse, almost frightened to death, as he had now given up hope and constantly mumbled prayers, lashed with fury the poor and courageous bronchos until MacCaul and I called a halt. Responding to the whip the horses, maddened, sprang forward crashing into a prairie shack, the ironshod pole of the sled actually penetrating the side.

We found the door merely latched and of course, following the tradition of the prairie-motto "Always welcome"—we unceremoniously entered and, to our intense surprise, found it, for a prairie shack, actually luxuriously furnished. A small bed stood in a corner, a centre table with a large silver coal oil lamp, comfortable chairs, a small lounge, half a dozen shelves hung by stovepipe wire, were filled with lessons on farming and a few selected works of fiction, the "Scarlet Letter", Nicholas Nickleby, a couple by Balzac and a handsomely bound and clasped prayer book of the Church of England.—A large tin stove stood in the centre of the room and it was all laid ready for lighting, with the native poplar. I struck a match and in about ten minutes the tin was red hot. In a sauce pan we melted snow and made a cup of tea all

round, we had no sugar but found on a shelf, near the lounge, a can of condensed milk. This warmed us delightfully, we all took off our outer coats and muflings and walked about the floor, as best we could, to regain normal circulation.

On the walls were half a dozen old English colored prints by Herring. The head of a prairie jumping-antelope decorated the north wall. while two repeating rifles, several fowling pieces, the best Mounted Police regulation revolvers, together with timber wolf, coyotes and foxes masks and brushes, ornamented the other walls. Near the table, where the owner took his meals, evidently, there were two antique mahogany inlaid knife boxes, they contained the best ivory handled knives and silver forks and spoons. Handsome Georgian, solid silver, salt cellars occupied a space on the small table. On all this cutlery and silverware appeared the engraven crest and motto viz. "a heart pierced by an arrow", and below, the one word, "Through".—

It is surprising, now that I look back at the time of this adventure, how or why, I should have gone about noting and remembering these small details, connected with a person whom I had never met or heard of. I accounted for my having done so by

the fact of wishing to occupy my mind with thoughts, other than those which connected me and my friends, with what we really believed to be, if we looked matters straight in the face, the approaching end of a real hideous tragedy.



CHAPTER 5

But the "piece de resistance" of this prairie shack was the beautifully colored photograph of a lady, about sixty years of age. She possessed a beautiful figure, gowned in a ball dress, large lustrous Irish eyes, clear pink skin, a low wide brow, Grecian nose and the head was crowned by a luxurious head of hair, now entirely silvered. The mouth expressed humor and kindness. The frame was of silver with the same crest and motto which I found on the spoons, forks, etc. Beneath the photo was written in a bold, round hand, simply the one word "Mother".


On, and close to the photograph, was a slender vase of Sterling silver in which were two pink but faded prairie roses. Nothing else was on the little table and without explanation, it was easy to read that the owner of the shack intended that sweetness alone should occupy the honored place beside his mother's portrait. After resting, and feeding the horses, we muffled up and went out again into the blizzard. We took good care to cover the ladies entirely with the

buffalo robes, even their heads, for we were beginning to fear the consequences of the blizzard. The latter had increased in fearsomeness, the opaque wall of snow had climbed in height from 20 to 40 feet but, fortunately for us, the myriads of stars, set apparently in a sea of black ink, appeared to hang like large incandescent lamps.

"Marchedon", forward on, through the freezing air and hurricane, the good bronchos stimulated by their recent supper of oats, plunged forward, straining like hounds on leash, champing their bits, tugging at the reins, shaking their heads and necks, no doubt finding their collars cold. The men were absolutely silent, not until Alphonse collapsed was a word spoken. Then we rushed to the bronchos' bridles and pulled them up. We placed poor Aphonse on the bottom of the sled with the ladies and rubbed and pounded his body and gave him in charge of these brave souls, they did nobly but, there and then, shed tears of abject fear.

MacCaul now took the reins and the horses, with natural instinct feeling the touch of a cooler, and stronger hand, answered the encouragement till nature only, and not inclination, halted them. The Rev. Havelock Smith, the astronomer of the party, kept the bronchos headed due south and he

knew quite well, tho' without a compass, that we were going in the right direction, for he was taught, at college, how to use his watch instead. On, on, forward, like men, no matter what destiny had in store for us, over drifts of snow, large spaces which were frozen so hard they would have made good skating rinks. Alphonse was useless, in fact an encumbrance, but poor man he was not of the calibre to withstand fright and excessive hazard. The ladies kept themselves warm by battering Alphonse over the head and body and as he said afterwards, "Mon Dieu ! their little fists have made me all black and blue". By this time the Rev. Havelock Smith said the velocity of the wind had increased considerably over 100 miles per hour, and indeed it appeared to come from all points of the compass, as well as from above and below. The ferocity of the blizzard made it look, and feel, as if an earthquake was being enacted to add to our dilemma. The bronchos, by this time, were almost exhausted and we feared the worst especially as they were now, for the first time, giving vent, with their powerful lungs and throats to a blood curdling and unearthly cry, resembling an infuriated buffalo added to which the prolonged wail as if from the timber wolf. No doubt there is some analogy, for



they are each natives of the prairie.

In the midst of this chaos and threatening death the horses were weakly crawling an embankment when the sled's runners struck something metallic, the rails of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the twinkling of an eye the noble bronchos were off at a fast trot, it was as if an infusion of new blood had penetrated their arteries and veins and ten minutes later our party was driven to Charlie Howson's hotel, where Alphonse was attended to first, then the horses and we all took hot baths and in about two hours thereafter we partook of a good supper whence, we went forthwith to bed rejoicing but oh! so tired and exhausted.

A few nights after the blizzard, I invited Jim MacCaul to dinner in my bachelor quarters over the Bank. . . , the first wooden building erected in Regina, with the exception of the Government buildings, as well as the N. W. Mounted Police barracks three miles north, by west, of the City. By-the-by I had the unique experience of being the first actual Manager of a Chartered Bank to be appointed in the N. W. Territories, and from the latter portion of 1881 to 89 managed that branch of the Bank, as well as for two years being an active alderman of the City Council.

At, and after the above mentioned din-

ner, over a Scotch poured from the bottle which I carried in my buffalo coat pocket, untouched, to the wedding and back. Jim and I discussed our harrassing experiences of the blizzard. I said, "Jim how do you feel?" to which he replied, "as if I were ten years older than when we started". "My God", I said, "no wonder, and so do I". We conjointly made notes, and discussed them, of the many exciting events of the night of the hurricane, especially of the shack, its contents and wondered who the very interesting owner of it could be. We both agreed from the various articles contained therein that he was a well educated gentleman of good family, who came to the North West from England to try his luck, as so many of his compatriots had done, and were still doing. Especially did the beautiful colored photograph, signed "Mother", help us to that conclusion.

The ladies with whom we drove to the wedding, and the men as well, had almost by this time, regained their normal condition altho' J. A. MacCaul, Alphonse and myself suffered still, on both hands and feet, from the effect of severe frost bite. The Rev. H. Havelock Smith. I forgot to record, on entering the famous shack, during the most terrible period of the blizzard, and after doing all we could to allay the

fears of the ladies, asked us to kneel and supplicate Almighty God to guide us safely to our several homes. He very appropriately prayed also for our unknown benefactor who, to us, was a real mystery, for he had evidently, and quite recently, left his humble dwelling, undoubtedly to all appearances, intending to return shortly. We all feared that he might be lost in the blizzard and Mr. Smith prayed that God would protect him. The prayer also included, and asked for, the safety and welfare of all those who were present at the wedding ceremony. Mr. Smith very nicely, and in most suitable terms, referred to the verses in the New Testament, wherein Christ is graphically portrayed stretching forth his hands over the troubled waters of the Sea of Galilee, and simultaneously commanding them in the ever memorable words "Peace be still". He, Mr. Smith, also commented on the words of our-Lord.—"Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I shall give you rest."

It is a noteworthy fact that the blizzard abated half an hour before we arrived, on our return to Regina, and that while we rested and slept that night the atmosphere was quite tranquil, peace pervaded the prairies and the elements were as normal as when we started for the Valley.

CHAPTER 6

The preceding historical account is necessary in order to enable the reader to intelligently grasp the conditions existing, in the Canadian N. West, at and subsequent to the opening date, 1874, of this story and I shall now proceed to make it as interesting as possible. As the scenes are to be portrayed, both in Canada and England, we start with those in Canada first.

On the banks of the lovely Qu'Appelle Valley, twenty-five miles due north of Regina, a large horse and cattle ranch was located, surrounded by a cedar-post fence and strong round wire from the rolling mills of Montreal. The owner, a humane man, detesting the modern barb-wire strands which he depicted as cruel, and rightly so, for in cutting out the animals from corrals they often spoil the hides and tear their bodies and heads. The cedar posts were at the base dipped in creosote for their preservation, many ranchers thought this a work of superrerogation because the soil being so dry, dipping or treatment of any kind was, by them, held quite unnecessary. However, the owner of this ranch was a very wealthy man and one who believed in thoroughness and taking as small a chance

as possible. The outbuildings and stables were all built of British Columbia cedar, standing on very strong foundations of reinforced concrete. Everything, in and about the place, was solid and the last thought in convenience and modernity. All the machinery, plows, harrows, threshers, grain cutters and binders were housed, when not in use, in a specially erected shed. The ranch enclosed 1,500 acres and formed a square. The owner bred horses for the police and farm horses of the famous Percheron Breed. A Frenchman by the name of Michael Ozerart, born and brought up in the Pyrenees, on his father's horse ranch, became a famous breeder of these animals. He had for many years owned and operated a large ranch, south of Maple Creek, in Montana territory, immediately over the border in the United States.


When Ozerart retired he sold all his horses, 700 head, to our friend and with the sanction of the Commissioner, assigned the contract to the latter, the most important clause of which, gave full power to the Assignee to breed and train horses, as mounts, for the N. W. Mounted Constabulary.

The ranch was easily capable of supporting 1000 head of horses, and 2000 cattle

the latter when in shape were shipped through Canada, Via C. P. R. to England.

The Western side of the ranch, which was the front, and main gate, faced the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley and within two hundred yards of the eastern bank. An electric motor, of more than sufficient power to pump water for the stock, from the river to the ranch, into very large metal troughs, was stationed near the water and was covered by a shed composed of red cedar, standing on a floor, 4 feet thick, of reinforced concrete. The power wires ran thro' drain pipes of glazed terra cotta. At this time extravagant prices were being paid for both horses and cattle and because immigration began also to pour into the new west, from not only Europe and Eastern Canada but from the United States as well. Very high prices prevailed for all necessary commodities and especially for grain.

The owner of this 1,500 acre ranch and farm had lived in the North Western States and had studied carefully the methods of successful farmers there in the growing of grain, especially wheat. There the farmers, before planting their first crops were habituated to sending samples of the soil to the University of North Dakota where, in the Analytical and model farm Dep't. these



samples were analyzed, accompanied by the necessary figures and returned to the senders. Before purchasing the Qu'Appelle ranch all these essentials were attended to and carried out. Alfalfa, that wonderful fattener, was well known to our rancher and from Montana he imported sufficient to sow 100 acres, so that he was the first person to raise an alfalfa crop in the whole of Canada. No healthier or more fattening feed can be found for cattle and hogs. Of the latter Qu'Appelle ranch owned 200. Wind breaks in the shape of young seedling trees were secured from the Gouvernement Experimental farms of the United States and later from the same institutions in Canada, when established in later years.

These young trees were planted all around the ranch and prospered so that, 15 years later they became a perfect shelter and, as the owner said, had saved thousands of dollars.

Thus has been roughly sketched what was, at the time described, the finest, the most prosperous and paying ranch and farm in the whole of N. W. Canada.

I will now describe the ranching home of this wealthy, enterprising and interesting man.

The bungalow, and residence of our ran-

cher, was situated, immediately beneath the bank of the Valley, half way down and built upon a natural plateau of 200 yards square but rounded towards the valley beneath. The bungalow, two storeys, was 100 x 75 feet, very spacious. The foundations of rough gray, substantial blocks, of Manitoba lime stone shaped oblong, 5 x 2½ feet, laid upon a substratum of reinforced concrete 2 feet thick and 8½ feet from the surface of the prairie. The substance upon which this rested was sand and gravel packed well during the ages by the elements. Upon the upper stone foundation, all of which was laid in Portland cement, rested stout cedar sills and uprights, strengthened by cross beams and firmly morticed together. The uprights were 22 feet in length, consequently the height of the facade, when completed, would be slightly higher.

There was an outer wall of stout cedar planking, filled in with reinforced concrete 2 feet thick and the ceilings in the same way but of 6 inch. thickness instead. On the exterior of the walls the finish was stippled and with large panels in old England style.

Instead of this plaster containing the usual common lime mixture, concrete in the proportion of 3 x 2 with valley sand was


used. The covering of the house consisted of very heavy joists of B. Columbia cedar, to which was fastened double planking six inches apart, between which reinforced concrete was firmly packed.

There were two very wide and deep chimneys of selected rubble stone laid in concrete and pointed, on the outside, with brilliant red pigment, and raised, or standing out well from the stone work. These chimneys were placed, one facing the main entrance, the other in the east wall, between the latter and the kitchen. The roof was covered, and also the veranda, with imported old English tiles, red in color, rounded and laid in a bed of cement. Extensive pantries, with a large swinging door, opened from this living room. These additions to the house were of the same substantial materials, the main ideas of the owner, in fact the first of importance i.e., first utility, second comfort. Around the four sides of the bungalow was a large veranda built also of cedar and tiles, in old English, like the house. The general living room, occupied the whole of the ground floor, it was unlike the other portion of the house, floored in 5 inch pitch-pine boards, laid horizontally with the main entrance, to save wear and tear. The window frames were

very spacious but strong, the glass in the lower half portion thereof being only one pane of plate glass, the upper halves were small and diamond shaped laid in zinc. The doors were of double pitch pine studded with large iron spikes.

The hearths were extremely large in every way and made to take a five foot log of any reasonable girth. The mantel shelf was one solid slab, of dressed Manitoba stone, 12 feet long and 3 feet deep. The interior of this spacious and unique room was finished with dovetailed white wood from Eastern Canada, oiled and varnished.

The cellar was eight feet high and the whole superficial size of the house. It contained laundry, with running water pumped from the river, ironing room, cold storage, bath tubs and lavatory for the servants. Root houses were near the out buildings, at the back of the bungalow. The second story was finished like the ground floor, excepting the fire places which were half the size. The space upstairs was divided into four rooms of equal dimensions with a broad and well proportioned stairway, opening into a spacious and square hall, well lighted by a window, the central one at the front of the house. The eastern, and front room, was the largest upstairs, light-



ed by two windows in each wall and one at the back. The other also in the rear lighted a charming bathing room, in which were a solid porcelaine bath, shower, hand basin, foot bath and lavatory, with all the most modern and expensive appurtenances, constructed with open plumbing.

The bedroom, in the front and west of the bungalow, and vis-a-vis to the one already described, was an exact duplicate. The windows of these rooms (front) opened upon a very beautiful vista of valley, hills, cliffs and river. The maximum height of the cliffs is about 150 feet, the beautiful valley floor, and hills, on both sides were at this season, which we are describing, verdant and fresh as Ireland is, and the beauty of the scene was suitably enhanced by the river, the winding and tortuous Qu'Appelle, gliding like a silver serpent as far as eye could reach.

As far north as the pole, then east to Manitoba, west to British Columbia, and south to the International boundary, at the date, 1868, when the bungalow in question was erected, there was not even a shack, or a human being, to be found excepting the teepee of the redman and the half-breed. Today what a change, magnificent Provinces have taken the place of "no

man's land" and splendid Cities, peopled with tens of thousands of prosperous and cultured Anglo-saxons, French, and other European races.

To show how this lure of Western Canada has stirred the peoples of the world to its exhaustless resources it is only necessary, I should say, to point out that in the City of Winnipeg alone the good old Bible has been asked for by people speaking 50 foreign languages.

To continue, the servants' rooms occupied the remaining space. The cook, and the house maids, slept in the one next to that in the Eastern front, the butler and man of all work that in the Western front. When necessary it was usual for the master to call upon any number of reliable and intelligent employees, many of whom were, like most Westerners, quite able to turn their brains and hands to a variety of useful things. There was a beautiful lawn, running the whole length of the house and another, much larger, between the kitchen and the ranch fence, both these lawns were surrounded by Saskatoon berry bushes, cedar as well as spruce hedges and they provided a fine wind break and served till the young saplings grew to maturity.



CHAPTER 7


The owner of the bungalow commissioned a few of his more intelligent ranchmen to keep the inhabitants of the bungalow, as well as the employees of the ranch, bountifully provided, at all times, with fresh vegetables. The master kept in touch also with seedsmen and green grocers in Winnipeg and had many of these requisites expressed from the City of Toronto, but indeed in those, now far off days, it took weeks, sometimes months, for any articles to reach their destination. The route in those days, till the advent of the C. P. Railway changed everything, was via Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, thence to Winnipeg and the last lap to the Qu'Appelle by prairie schooner, later the N. W. M. Police had constables of the force carrying mail matter on horse back. Indeed, mail and express parcels were, at fairly regular intervals, carried on Jim Hill's paddle-wheeler up the Red River as far as Fort Garry, later and now, as everyone knows, Winnipeg. This masterful man subsequently became

the famous railway owner and purchaser, with the Late Lord Strathcona, Lord Mountstephen, R. B. Angus, et al, of the Dutch stockholders' shares in the right of way, from Minneapolis to the border of Manitoba.

These able financiers, shortly after, built on this right-of-way, which they bought comparativey for a song, the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Manitoba with right of way into the Canadian North West. Thus came to pass a vital and historical event, ultimately destined to add millions of settlers, as well as imigrants, to the wealth of our great Dominion. From that period the C. P. R. advanced rapidly from both oceans, the Manitoba and N. Western R'y., from Portage la Prairie was acquired, and other insignificant branch lines were taken over, all of which have since become valuable feeders to the Great Trunk line. During this time, and subsequently, Hill was arranging to push the Great Northern Railway to the Pacific, through Washington Territory, which he accomplished and procured control of.

To proceed, the bungalow, in the Qu'Appelle, had been adding to its conveniences in the shape of two, 100 feet deep, wells, one in the front and the other at the back





of the house, of pure spring water. These wells were faced with cobble stones, the water was hauled to the surface by chains and old oaken buckets. The owner remarked that they reminded him of old England. These wells were covered in, with inside seats around, the circular covering was of red cedar and shingles of the same wood. At the foot of the hill, but a short distance west of the bungalow, a large and solid swimming tank was constructed of reinforced concrete, 15 feet in depth, 40 feet x 25 feet with shallow steps on all sides to the bottom and concrete benches along the sides of the wall. A railing of cedar ran around the tank which was fed by water pumped from the river and which was gently kept in motion in the tank, by a grating in the walls, allowing the water to enter at one end and escape at the other, thus a pure stream was always coming in while that used, quickly escaped. The tank was covered in by an ornamental cedar building, somewhat similar to the covering of the wells. Thus has it been necessary to make the indulgent reader familiar with the general details of the bungalow and its surroundings as it had been thought important to familiarize him with the then conditions in the N. W. Territories.

Hoping the reader may coincide with this view I shall as vividly, as my limited faculties allow, describe the really interesting personalities who reside under the benignant and kindly rule of the aforesaid rancher and owner of the bungalow.

Colonel Gascoigne, V. C, was a handsome and commanding figure in a territory which bred stalwart, virile men. He stood 6 feet 1 inch exactly, his whole figure was the embodiment of health, strength and vigor while grace and an easy poise predominated. With a handsome face, dark hair, untinged with gray, a broad rather low forehead, void of wrinkles, thick brows well sparated a nicely shaped Grecian nose, with sensitive nostrils, a large military moustache surmounted a generous mouth, ornamented with strong white teeth, a square prominent chin, dimpled, while the strong shoulders supported a powerful though graceful neck. But the most striking features, of this interesting man, were the dark blue eyes which, in a flash, took in their surroundings, not with a shade of suspicion but with a glance denoting a shrewd but generous and kindly understanding. They were laughing eyes, full of humor, which looked out upon the world with goodness and generosity, totally void



of guile. The Colonel, on this spring morning of 1874, wore a thin silken cream-colored shirt, soft well tanned deer skin-knickers held in place round the waist by a belt of English tanned leather in which were suspended, on a leather holder a regulation size revolver, made for the N. W. M. Police, with a large horn handled knife which contained a dozen or more implements, such as hooks, fine saws, etc., useful and handy to those who worked about their ranches. His knees were bare and his feet were enclosed in a heavy woolen socks, hardly reaching to the calves with mocassins of heavy moose hide, made by the Siwash Indians of British Columbia. Thus appeared our Rancher on this beautiful sunny morning, a commanding and unique personality whom, as a model, would have delighted even Michael Angelo and who, it may be doubted could have found no more noble figure, for the satisfaction of his genius.

The life of our Colonel up to this time had been intensive, very active and crowded with adventure notwithstanding that he was only in the prime of life, 45 years of age. He was an Englishman, born in the smale village of Shagford in Devonshire, within a few minutes walk of Dartmore,

which accounted for his abiding love of the moor and which he never let an opportunity pass of visiting and walking through and over. Often he would take a book and read for hours on one of the Druidical stones which, like those of Stonehenge, were noted land marks, though not so large or so numerous.

The Colonel's father and grandfather had made large fortunes, as shipbuilders on the Clyde, and built many of England's finest battle ships. The Colonel's forebears had considerable interest in the famous ship builders, Swan & Hunter of Belfast, Ireland, Colonel Gascoigne's mother was a daughter of Mr. Francis Hunter, of the latter firm, and it was from this beautiful and talented woman that her son got his Irish eyes.

On the death of his father, the Colonel, with his mother, bought a beautiful, but small place, in Shagford, Devon till they recovered from their poignant grief and decided, finally, as to their future. The elder Gascoigne left his very large fortune to his wife, the principal to remain invested, and at his demise, the income therefrom to go to his wife, as long as she lived, thence and eventually to his much beloved son and heir.



Though Mother and son lived in such a small village, the son, a very active young man, often was obliged to leave for other places where his talents were sought by men of prominence. The Colonel's father had given his boy every advantage which abundant wealth could command, he was a graduate of Oxford as well as of Sandhurst, the famous Military school, where he won "Dux" and the day after arrived at his home in Shagford, Devon, and his mother welcomed him with open arms and proud congratulations.

Pursuant to his father's dying commands the Colonel, after graduating from Sandhurst, travelled over the accessible portions of the world and as he became a good linguist acquired much knowledge of what he saw and especially made a zealous study of human nature. He finished his world tour in the Canadian N. West and became fascinated with that country, its people and the illimitable potentialities. He prepared at once to purchase a large slice of ranching land and actually finalized the transaction, the purchase money being bills of exchange negotiated through, and by, the London & Westminster Bank. The land purchased was situated in the locality described in the preceding chapters.



CHAPTER 8

Having depicted Col. Gascoigne as a student, as a young man and as a rancher, in the prime of manhood, it is now my task to picture a most enticing figure, that of his daughter, now 1874, just under fourteen years of age. Being a bachelor it is, therefore, a ticklish task to do justice to a pretty maid but when the latter is a very beautiful one it is, with a palpitating heart, that he musters sufficient courage to proceed.

This lovely creature, and so very youthful, was for her years astonishingly well developed, five feet tall a graceful type, fair hair curling, but cut short in line with the shoulders. A broad but low forehead, surmounted by light brown brows, a Grecian nose perfectly formed, an expressive but not too small a mouth, ornamented with rows of even and pearly white teeth. The chin was a perfect oval and, like the cheeks, slightly dimpled. Like her father the eyes were the loveliest and most expressive features, of a deep liquid blue and framed by long black lashes which rested



upon her cheeks like the feathers of a canary's breast. These eye lashes were a remarkable feature, inasmuch as they did not curl but lay flat and long as if caressing the exquisite face.

This girl's remarkable head was supported by a swan like neck, the quintessence of grace, her shoulders were sloping, bust rounded and wonderfully developed for her age, arms well proportioned and the hands long with tapering fingers. Small slender feet completes this sketch of the fairest daughter of the Canadian N. West. She was, on this charming morning of spring, very simply clothed in a pure white, doe-skin jacket, elaborately ornamented, fore and aft, in porcupine quills, all around the bottom a fringe of wolf-teeth hung and on the left breast, worked in beads, was the Gascoigne crest and motto. A heart in red, pierced by an arrow in white and underneath, in gold beads the one word — "Through". Miss Gascoigne's attire was completed by a short skirt of gray doe-skin, bare legs and exquisite mocassins worked in porcupine and gold and black beads. The mocassins came well up the leg, covering the graceful ankles. The whole of this picturesque dress was shaped and worked by a famous young squaw of the Blackfoot

Reserve, near Maple Creek or, correctly speaking, the Blackfoot Crossing.

Miss Gascoigne's skin, naturally fair, was tanned like any Indian's, bespeaking her love of the open. The sparkling eyes, laughing mouth and sinuous body, reminded one of the antelope ready, in a flash, to spring and in her fleetness defy pursuit.

Miss Gascoigne could do anything an Indian could, she spoke fluently the Blackfoot, Cree and several Indian dialects and was as well known and welcomed in Camp as the Chiefs themselves, for was she not, after all, a child of the plains.

The father and daughter being the leading characters of this tale it is now the Author's duty to describe the other members of the bungalow, as well as some of the leading employees of the Ranch.

A very important personage was Susanna the cook, stocky, stout though hard and of rosy and rubicund appearance. Filled with virile strength and about forty she, at an early age became an All professional cook. Her first place was with Lieut. Col. Allan Urquhart, of Urquhart Castle. Invernesshire. The Castel was a very old structure of feudal days, built of native sand stone, with a battlemented tower and cellars wherein, still remained, the rings and rivets to



which the enemies and prisoners of the Clan Urquhart were fastened. Colonel Urquhart was commandant of the Seaforth Highlanders, a descendant of the Argyles, a decorated and distinguished soldier who married the Honourable Miss Campbell. These two persons were the last residents of the Castle and Col. Urquhart being a bosom friend of Colonel Gascoigne's, it was the former wife who recommended, highly, Susanna to whomsoever desired a skilled and reliable cook. The latter had the habit of humming little Scotch songs at times, her favorite being "Annie Laurie" and "The Campbells are coming", the latter being her favorite, although she declared Annie Laurie a gem and insisted that she was the composer of it and could not believe that anyone could have the hardihood to disbelieve her, which, however, they certainly did.

The next two servants were pretty sisters, twins, aged twenty-three, slight dark and capable girls born in Montreal of Irish parents and well educated at the convent of the Grey Nuns. Their names were Laura and Jane, the former being lady's maid to Miss Gascoigne. They were always trim and neat and dressed usually in black, white cap, collar, and cuffs and white tennis

shoes with rubber soles. Miss Gascoigne, thought so very youthful, had a complete knowledge of housekeeping and had trained the two girls in respect and obedience until they were as near perfection as possible. They, as everyone else in the bungalow, went about their duties noiselessly, but efficiently, and when their own work was completed helped Susanna, the cook.

Karonwee, the personal attendant, or butler, was a full blood Indian of the Blackfoot tribe, the noblest on the prairies. He had been well educated at the priest's school and farm, situated just outside Fort Qu'Appelle, a Hudson's Bay Post, over which the Company's flag, a red field with the letters in white — H. B. C. (here before Christ) had flown from well into the year 1600 when Prince Rupert formed the ancient and far famed enterprise, the Charter of which declared, comprised "traders and Adventurers, gentlemen of England.'

Colonel Gascoigne had, ten years before he built his bungalow, succeeded in procuring his servant's release from the authorities of the Manitoba penitentiary, where he had been imprisoned for a trivial offence, consequently, Karonwee had followed his master since with dog like fidelity.

The former stood exactly six feet high, with muscular shoulders and body. Like the generality of North American Indians of full blood, Karonwee (signifying fleet foot) had a long thin face, perfect Roman nose, black eyes, long black and shiny hair, dressed in one long plaited braid, reaching to the waist, and fastened at the end by broad bands of white and soft doe-skin, ornamented with porcupine quills.

He was naturally of a reddish brown complexion, was as erect as an arrow and dressed lightly, but warmly, in a brown buck skin jacket reaching to the hips and short leggings fringed, reaching a few inches below the knee but above the latter the legs were bare.

Both jackets and leggings were richly embroidered in porcupine quills while his heavy headed mocassins of buck skin completed the clothing. Under his jacket, and slung to a heavy belt of buffalo hide, in a holster, was a large calibred revolver, a present from his master, while on his right hip he carried a heavy sheath-knife, six inches long, with a horn handle, the product of Rogers & Sons of Sheffield.

Being the second son of Chief Crowfoot's brother, and having killed many Cree braves, he was entitled to, and ever wore

an eagle's feather stuck in the top of his hair, pointing frontward, the feather portion hanging flat well over the neck and reaching the collar of his jacket behind. The feather was tied about with a broad band of doeskin, the work of his fiancée "Kokekee" or "Night Star". As Karonwee posed he looked, composed, exactly what he was, a strong, courageous, and faithful ally, or, on the other hand, a dangerous and implacable foe. Indian tradition strongly supports this view

As all the dwellers of the bungalow have been described those living in the Ranch employees' house follow, or rather, only a few of them who occupy responsible positions.

Alic. Macdonald, a native of Aberdeen, was foreman and directly responsible to the Colonel for the behavior of the men and their welfare. To the master the foreman reported every day at eight o'clock, A.M., and had to fill in and sign a fairly long list which was carefully analysed. First, any sick man and who. 2nd. Complaints from whom and what they were. 3rd. What remedy do you propose. 4th. What were the results of yesterday, how much valley hay was stored, how is the feed lasting, oats, alfalfa, root crops, etc. 5 th. Condition of


horses, cattle, swine and poultry. 6th. How many head of the three first have been sold and to whom at what figure, etc., etc. Market reports were posted regularly from Chicago to the Colonel but the latter had so thoroughly trained his foreman in their use and importance that the latter sold on his own initiative, the results proving that he was a man of good sound judgment and deserving of the fullest trust. Macdonald was a giant, height six feet, five, weighed in at 210 pounds and was as hard as nails. He managed his men with good nature but if they became unruly they felt his huge fists.



CHAPTER 9

The foreman's assistant was a French Canadian, Wilfrid LeBeuf and the name was an applicable one as no rancher, or butcher, had a keener eye for a good heifer than he, or could do better justice to a juicy joint. He seconded Macdonald every time and God help their men, if these two "bruisers" got after them. It is not necessary to mention, or to describe the other ranch employees, suffice it to say that they were all splendid men, faithful, cheerful and happy, well they might be for they were the best paid in their class throughout Canada and the Colonel, not only a kindly and generous master, but an exceptional one in every respect and these men knew it.

So that now the personnel of the bungalow, and the Ranch itself, have been described, no doubt inadequately, let me proceed with what I do trust you will decide is an interesting tale, comprised largely of fiction but the latter is founded on real living characters, and events, which existed about fifty-five years ago, a year after which the happenings, recorded in this sketch, began.



The living room of the bungalow on this, the sunny morning of an early spring day, was brightened still more by a roaring fire in the large grate, where five feet logs of tamarack, and roots of the valley willow, fed the hungry flames, which sent sparks between the iron dogs, whirring up the chimney. Potted flowers from the garden of the bungalow, were arranged artistically on small tables, throughout the spacious rooms, the blinds and curtains, made of yellow silk, were all drawn, very little day light filtered in, the servants had been told to make themselves scarce for a private confab was about to take place.

The early breakfast finished, the adjuncts had been removed when the father and daughter entered the room dressed as usual, in every day togs. The latter entered first and reclining gracefully, on the sofa, with her feet crossed and resting on the huge grizzly bear-rug which was one of the many trophies which the Colonel had shot in the Rockies. The latter seated himself, vis-a-vis to his daughter, on the leather upholstered seat of the hearth rails, his left side to the fire the other towards his daughter. Not a sound disturbed the atmosphere, save the cracking of the fire, silence reigned supreme — then — the Colonel quietly said, my dear

girl, you are now nearly fourteen, I have given you every educational advantage which this N. West could furnish, you have a natural adaptation for languages but you are far from being proficient in French and Italian. As both are a necessary appendage of a young, or old, lady in society and, as I wish you to perfect yourself in music, both vocal and instrumental, in which you are well grounded and have a natural adaptation for, I will write my mother, your grandmother, in Shagford, to communicate with the best European teachers with the object in hand. You must travel also for a few years and learn something useful about countries and cities, of which you know only what you have read. Besides, I have this morning received serious news, by cable, from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in London, to the effect that I should accept the position of adviser, and organizer, of the N. W. M. Police, with which post automatically falls the others viz of justice of the Peace which practically will give me far more autocratic power than that of a District Judge.

It is my intention this morning to cable and accept the offer and this course necessitates your leaving for England at once, for if the half breeds and Indians rise and I'm


away, as I should have to be at times, there would be grave danger for you. Of course. I shall keep the bungalow and the ranch going just as if I were present. So, my dear daughter. I will ask you to prepare at once, pack your trunks, while I wire for Steamship transportation today. I shall cable my bankers, the London & Westminster Bank, ample funds, which you will promptly use on arrival, procuring yourself a handsome outfit. Don't spare the gold as you know I'm a rich man. A long silence followed these very serious words, nothing could be heard but the ticking of the clock on the mantel and the crackling of the fire. Then the young girl arose and throwing her arms about her father's neck whispered. "All right, dearest Dad, I shall miss you. Oh! how much, but I go now to prepare !

It was now the 5th. of April and Mary Grant Gascoigne had followed her good father's instructions and everything she could do before her departure, was completed. The Colonel had engaged her passage to Southampton and he had arranged to convey his daughter and himself, with the competent Karonwee, as driver of the two best bronchos the Ranch could produce. They were to be harnassed to the large democrat wagon, purposely constructed for

prairie travelling and driven straight as the crow flies, 356 miles to Winnipeg, where the Colonel, accompanied by Karonwee, would see Mary Grant safely aboard the Manitoba. Minneapolis and S. Railway train, bound to Chicago, thence to New York, where the Cunard steamer "North Star" would leave her dock on arrival thereof.



CHAPTER 10



Kokekee had been apprised of Miss Gascoigne's immediate, and indefinite, departure for these young girls had known each other intimately from childhood and being of about the same age had shared their small sorrows and many joys and pleasures together, telling each other their most intimate thoughts. Kokekee had been sent to school, under the famous Jesuit Father Lacombe who, years after, had met a terrible death having been found frozen to death, and on his knees, on the banks of the Saskatchewan and at a point now included in the flourishing City of Saskatoon.


Kokekee, being a talented girl, became well educated and learned to speak English fluently, Miss Gascoigne being able to speak "Blackfoot" as well as her companion. this dialect was used, between them, quite as much as English. These maidens were inseparable. They played, took long walks and meandered over the hills, side by side, on both sides of the Qu'Appelle Valley. They each carried small Smith & Wesson revolvers and they were dead shots with these

weapons. As amusements were few, Col. Gascoigne imported a set of Archery, target, an easel, etc. and as both girls had strong Blackfoot bows and arrows, specially made for them by Karonwee, and as they were so proficient in their use that Miss Gascoigne, about five miles north of her home and ranch, Lone Wolf Lodge", had actually transixed a large timber wolf with one of her arrows. On the spacious lawn behind the bungallow the two girls set up their targets, and at times under the eye of Karonwee, the most skilled archer of his tribe, delighted in this pastime and never wearied of it.

The pelt of the wolf, Miss Gascoigne shot, she prized as her greatest treasure. It had been skillfully treated and dressed by Karonwee and lined with thick blue cloth, mitred around the edges. This skin she hung on the wall over her bed.

Poor Kokekee was the saddest of all her people and taking her dear companion's arm, and looking into her eyes would say, "Dearest Oh! what shall I ever do without you?" To which Lo-lo-Teke, ("Morning Star") would reply, "Time soon passes, I shall write you weekly and shall soon return to you and "Lone Wolf Lodge".

So the day before the dreaded departure




arrived, great preparations had been made by Colonel Gascoigne, invitations had been issued some days in advance to Chief Blackfoot and all the leading young bucks and squaws as well as to Chief Mahatawee of the Crees and his leading bucks and squaws. An abundant feast was prepared on the Archery Lawn, spread with the many colored blankets from Fort Qu'Appelle. About 200 indians and squaws arrived, of both tribes, and following tradition the Chief's appeared an hour later, Chief Crowfood and his councillors, then Chief Mahatawee with his councillors. Col. and Miss Gascoigne received their guests and each were in their usual everyday costume of doe-skin, etc. It was a gala day and after the Indians had sumptuously feasted, Karonwee and Koke-kee, handed to each male guest a pound of Hudson's Bay tobacco. The two Chiefs ordered the tom-toms to advance and to the weird accompaniment of these antique drums and so-called singing (howling it should be named) the Indians sprang onto the lawn and gave the audience the famous "bread dance", in full war paint and feathers. This, the Chiefs told Col. Gascoigne, or as they called him "Ta-how-atee" (Eagle Chief) was in acknowledgement of the gift of tobacco.

But the great event was suddenly ushered to the front, all the Indians having formed a complete circle and squatting, legs crossed, before "Crowfoot" and "Mahatawee", who alone were standing, except the Colonel and Miss Gascoigne: At a signal from the two chieftains, a band of their tribes sprang forward, into the circle and formed an avenue, of 20 feet in width with the Chiefs leading from a teepe, leading Miss Gascoigne into the ring at the head. When this was done Kokekee led the foot of the lane of Indians, a superb shagganappi pony, pure white mane and tail, of cream color. This animal was beautifully caparisoned with saddlecloth, gerth, and bridle of deer-skin and reins of white doe-skin, all of which were elaborately ornamented with porcupine quills. When girl and pony reached the appointed place, they were slowly followed by a young Cree, the eldest son of Mahatawee, leading a magnificent wolf hound, around the neck a broad collar of tanned leather, with wolf teeth, regularly and ornamentally protruding therefrom. The young Buck and hound stood by Kokekee and the pony.



CHAPTER 10



The two Chiefs signalled for silence, then slowly and with much dignity approached Colonel Gascoigne and daughter. they bowed formally and taking each a hand of the latter escorted her to the pony and requested her to mount. When seated Chief Mahatawee took the chain which was attached to the collar, drew the hound towards the pony, and handed the other end of the chain to Miss Gascoigne. When this was done, chief Crowfoot stood aside, and addressed the mounted girl in the Blackfoot dialect — “Lo-lo-teke” our “Star of the Morn, our tribes hearing, with deep sorrow, of your departure, beg leave to present you with this fine “Shag-annappi” which my young bucks have been searching the country over, for months. Believe, said chief Crowfoot, it is the only pure white pony in the west. None other would do for you” Lo-lo-teke as its color symbolizes your virtues and worth. The saddle, cloth and bridle were made for you by the princess, Kokekee, my niece and your devoted sister, who will care for the pony

'till the happy, happy day of your return. May the Great Spirit carry you in his arms to your friends across the waters and back, handing back safely our "Morning Star".

Then Chief Mahatawee addressed Miss Gascoigne, "I acting for the Crees, ask you to accept as a simple token of admiration and pride, this hound for were you not, like us poor indians, born on the prairie of the West, the only difference physically being, we are red and you are white. But what is color compared to heart and mind. You are, indeed, the most beautiful of Prairie maids, red or white, but we know your love for us and when we look up and see the morning star we shall whisper: "See our Star Lolo-teke watching over us. We have christened this hound "Wolf" after your father's bungalow. I am sure he will be your devoted protector : Like my brother, Chief Crowfoot, I pray the Great Spirit to keep you till your return". Then the two Chiefs called Col. Gascoigne into the Circle, followed by the Councillors of both tribes and then and there made him, with elaborate ceremony, honorary Chieftain of each tribe. Then the same Indians advanced and made Miss Gascoigne, in identical manner, "Chieftainess".

Col. Gascoigne replied briefly but feel-

ingly, thanked the Chiefs for the honors conferred, for the handsome presents, but most of all for the generous expressions of affection. Tactfully he told his listeners that he did not attach much credulity to the rumors of discontent current. However, he was assured of the loyalty of both the Blackfoot and Crees and felt certain that these tribes would assist the great Queen if any troubles arose. The Colonel's daughter, still astride the pony, following her father's instructions, made a signal with her hand, raised on high for silence and with tear drops to her long lashes, and in a soft but penetrating voice, in the Blackfoot dialect, which all understood, said "Chief Crowfoot and Chief Mahatawee, and to all my dear brothers and sisters of both great nations, my heart is filled today with joy and sorrow. Your lovely and generous gifts were wholly unexpected, all were kept as dark as the night from me, and alth'o I fully appreciate the beautiful pony, hound and saddle, etc. I prefer your love, and your affection, which I shall carry across the great waters and wheresoever I am, my heart shall contain, in its secret drawer, this never to be forgotten day. May the Great Spirit ever protect you.

At a signal from the two Chieftains all the Indians Bucks and Squaws advanced

and shook hands, murmuring, how! how! — how! how! — Kokekee, then ran to Miss Gascoigne and told her that they all wanted to see her put the pony thro' his paces, to which she replied "Very well dear. Kokekee then told Crowfoot to order the guests aside, when followed an exhibition of horsemanship rarely seen outside the west. No bit but deer hide strips, bound the lower jaw of the pony, comfortably, and rested in the left hand of the rider loosely, when turning to left or right Marie Grant touched the right or left shoulder. No whip or stirrups, all managed with voice, rein and heels. Suddenly the reins were held high and the pony stopped dead. Miss Gascoigne jumped lightly to the ground, patted the pony, handed the reins to Ko-ke-kee and joined her father. At that moment the young Bucks jumped, ran around like mad, shouting Lo-lo-teke, our lovely "Morning Star", no one like, her, no one.

The immemorial festive gathering dissolved, the residents of "Lone Wolf Lodge" and the Indians retired to their respective tepees.

The next morning the splendid bronchos, in fine shape, harnessed to the democratic wagon, piled with warm rugs and buffalo robes, drew up in front of the lodge, driven by the ever faithful Karonwee. Colonel and




Miss Gascoigne were waiting at the foot of the steps and promptly stepped into the waggon. The trunks and feed followed. Standing beside the democrat, Ko-ke-kee in tears, sprang upon the hub and throwing her arms about her Lo-loteke's neck whispered, "Morning Star" the sky will be black and starless 'till my beloved sister returns" Marie Grant was too affected to reply, merely pressing the Indian maid to her breast, tears dropping, she gently disengaged her arms and was so overcome, could only whisper, "adien sweet one, may the Great Spirit shelter and comfort you". Then the Colonel shook hands warmly with the beautiful girl, the latter bidding her fiancée adieu also, the whip cracked, the bronchos dashed forward and poor Ko-ke-kee alone, and forlorn, watched them till completely out of sight.

The objective was Winnipeg, in a southeasterly direction over a prairie which had quite recently been almost denuded of the buffalo and whose trails, overgrown by grass, crossed and recrossed in all directions, these trails were in most places a foot, to 18 inches deep, and 12 inches wide. Passing at a rapid pace the bronchos first passed Broadview, then a sparse settlement and afterwards Fort Qu'Appelle, Qu'-

Appelle Station, close to which in a few years hence, the rails of the Canadian Pacific would pass. Next Brandon, then Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, through which flowed the Assiniboine River, 50 miles from Winnipeg, thence to the last named City. Colonel Gascoigne, as the bronchos should return in two days time, figured on making 115 miles per diem, consequently stoppages were made at the three points mentioned above. At last Winnipeg was reached and the party arrived at the Carslake Hotel on Main Street, which to this day follows the old buffalo trails along the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, which, in the Algonquin dialect, means — the meeting of the Waters". All the party entered the hostlery and proceeded to their prospective rooms which, already had been engaged by the Colonel.


Next morning early, the latter and his daughter, breakfasted together. Karonwee had already fed the horses, which were standing ready at the door. Shortly, the Colonel and Marie Grant, arrived and stepped into the conveyance, Karonwee whipped up the bronchos, arriving at the station platform of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, whence the train ran directly through Chicago, via Minnea-



pols and St-Paul. At St. Paul, Marie Grant intended to alight to rest and go on the following day.

On arrival at the Winnipeg station Karonwee alighted and secured the bronchos, then followed by his master, assisted the daughter down, for the democrat wagon is a high conveyance. The three then proceeded to the Railway carriage and into the stateroom, the negro porter following with Marie Grant's grips. As the train was due to start in five minutes, and at a sign from the Colonel, Karonwee said addressing "Lolo-teke", I have a package for you" and taking a beautiful satin bag, headed with small blue and gold beads from his pocket, asked his mistress to take out its contents. The latted wrapped in a soft mole-skin consisted, only, of a beautiful gold and antique snuff box and on the centre of the cover, exquisitely set, a heart of rubies, transfixed by an arrow in brillants, and in rubies beneath simply the one word "through". Marie Grant, with amazement looked, from father to servant, for explanations when the former very quietly said "this box was given to Karonwee the other day by a young man on horse back who asked the former to place it personally in your hands. "But, Dad, I don't know this young man, nor why the

mystery?" "Perhaps, my dear, we shall know some day, in the mean time take care of the snuff box". The whistle of the locomotive sounded, as was the custom in those far off days, the train began to move, the Colonel embraced his daughter and they jumped onto the platform. There the two stood and waved their hands to Miss Gascoigne who, with head and shoulders out of the window was waving her handkerchief until the two figures were lost to sight. Little did these three think at the moment, of the tragic happenings which the interim would witness. Miss Gascoigne rested twice on her way to New York where, on arrival, she drove straight to the ship where Captain Jim Urquhart, personally received her. The Captain, called a sailor and instructed him to see that the young lady's heavier luggage was safely stored in the hold and to take the smaller pieces to her deck room, which was the best on the ship. After escorting Miss Gascoigne to her state-room the Captain ordered tea to be taken on deck, where they seated themselves and when the latter told his guest that he had received a telegram that morning, from the Chairman of the Cunard Company, directing him to take personal charge of Miss Gascoigne and



to do everything possible for her comfort. They took a liking to each other, the Captain being a handsome and jolly man, and he found his charge, of course, an extraordinarily beautiful and charming girl. The Captain laughingly remarked, "I think I shall find you a very delightful guest and far from being a responsibility". At table Miss Gascoigne was the honored one and sat beside, and immediately to the right of the Captain. The latter gave her the run of the ship, and the freedom of the bridge, and for hours at a time she would stand beside the Captain, or the Mate, look through their marine glasses and study the heavens, through the sextant. In the cabin, of an evening Miss Gascoigne sang, and played, charmingly and organized private theatricals and, in every way, did more than her share endeavoring to disperse the fog of ennui which, during a sea voyage, is too apt to envelope the passenger. A quick passage was made, for those far off days, and the "North Star", arrived at Southampton a fortnight after leaving New York. The train was awaiting the boat and Miss Gascoigne proceeded to London where she was met by her Grandmother, her father's mother. They proceeded to "the Cecil" where they stopped over night. Next morning they pro-

ceeded to Shagford, Devon, and arrived a few hours later. After partaking of a light luncheon these two interesting characters, retired to the drawing room where, before an old and spacious hearth, where a roaring fire was sending sparks up the ancient chimney, they had a long and intimate talk of family affairs.

Mrs. Gascoigne was a tall and stately woman, a replica of her handsome son, dark blue Irish eyes, Grecian nose, a laughing generous mouth, strong white teeth, shell like ears, strong and dimpled chin, the face crowned by a waving mass of pure white hair. The latter was dressed in the old Victorian style, brushed low over the cheeks and falling in a large loop at the back of the neck. A neat cap of white lace, trimmed with narrow purple ribbon, was very pretty and becoming. Mrs. Gascoigne wore an Irish poplin gown, white and dotted with purple, showing to advantage her youthful figure. Suspended from a thin gold chain, around the neck, was an exquisite miniature of her son, Colonel Gascoigne. A low melodious voice completed this charming personality.




CHAPTER 12

Truly two more exquisite, and refined, types would be difficult to find. By this time, it was easily seen, mutual love and admiration, were the dominant notes, which were shared for cash other. The Grandmother read correctly that Mary Grant was not her son's daughter in physical beauty and charm alone but that she possessed that which was much superior, beauty of mind and intellect as well.

Miss Gascoigne soon accustomed herself to the surroundings of the ancient old house and garden, as well as the beautiful bedroom and her trim and pretty maid Elsie. She was in love with Dartmoor and very soon knew every portion of it, she said it reminded her of her beloved prairie and her Indian friends, especially her dawning Ko-ke-kee. Oh! if she were only with her. After much trouble she purchased a fine thoroughbred horse, 17 hands, of a dark brown color, at Tattersalls. Tattersall sent his best groom with her to the park to try out the new purchase. On return to the stables Miss Gascoigne said she would purchase

the horse and wrote a cheque there and then. After she left, Tattersall asked his man how they got on. The latter kept silence for a while as if he were trying to choose his words and then slowly replied that the young lady was the finest rider he had ever seen and could handle a horse as well, if not better, than any of their professionals. This was indeed a compliment in a country renowned for its splendid horse women. Tattersall said he would call upon Miss Gascoigne and endeavor to induce her to ride her horse and others at the show which, in a few months, would take place and be patronized by the Queen and Prince of Wales.

Miss Gascoigne cabled her father that she was to ride her recently purchased stallion at the annual horse show, before their Majesties and the Prince of Wales and to send Karonwee at once direct to Shagford with her riding outfit and saddle. In due time he arrived, a perturbed and bewildered Indian but on greeting his "Morning Star" all his troubles had soared out of sight like the eagle. Mrs. Gascoigne was immensely taken by this faithful and intelligent redman, his good looks, his almost perfect English and intelligence amazed her. Karonwee and Lo-lo-teke spent every morning with the



latter's horse, the former said he was perfect. The horse objected for days to his new mount but persistence and skill overcame his prejudice for Karonwe had a gentle, firm way of his own with a horse which gave the latter confidence. At last the first day of the big "horse-show" arrived and it was for three days to be held in the permanent and spacious building. The interior, oblong in length, was sprinkled with a white beach sand, thence from the arena, tier after tier arose to the roof, where there was a broad passage way all around and whence many lateral passages ran down towards the ring. In the latter were all the paraphernalia of the show, guards in blue and silver uniforms around and in front of the lower tiers of seats. There were "Scots Grays" mounted on superb chargers, twenty-five in all and these soldiers sat like statues on their immovable horses. At one end, and above the "horse entrance", was stationed the Coldstream Guard's band. Opposite and at the apex of the oval, a large platform half way between the floor of the arena and the roof, was built. This was the "Royal Pavillion". Chairs for the Queen, the Prince of Wales, General Williams, V.C., the Hero of Karrs, and the Queen's ladies in waiting, three of

them, viz: Lady Ethel Mary Urquhart, Lady Marcella Hunter and Lady Elizabeth Bell. On a table at the foot, but to one side of the platform, was a large table spread with the union jack and this was covered with handsome solid cups, vases and bowls of varied designs and sizes. Trophies to be struggled for in the approaching contest. All was ready, the seats were filled, suddenly the comparative silence was pierced by a fanfare of trumpets, in rear of the Royal Pavilion. Then leisurely approaching, the chairs allotted to them, first came the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, General Williams, V.C., the Aide de Camp of the King and last the three ladies in waiting.

The fanfare ceased then to be succeeded by the glorious old tune, "God save the Queen", the thousands standing and joining heartily in the song. It was an inspiring sight and it took little insight to connote, upon the faces of the dense throng, a holiday spirit, cheerfulness, elation, and laughter.

Programmes of the three day's event were placed early on every seat, each event was plainly numbered in groups, without going into detail they consisted of, 1st day, dray horses and drays. Cobbs, carriage horses, singly, in pairs and harnessed, with con-

veyances of every description, hansom, etc., 2nd. day. The best harnessed horses, military gun carriage and light and heavy cavalry horses, ponies. The best tandems, pairs, unicorn and fours. 3rd. day and evening. Six horses attached to drag, Shetland, Orkney and Sable Island ponies. An exhibition of the best driving, single, pair, tandem, unicorn, fours and six in hand. Ladies and gentlemen. The last and "Chef L'Ouvre" event of the show was an exhibition of ladies riding, astride or side saddle and in any convenient costume. First walking, cantering and lastly galloping, no whips, or spurs, and no banded tails.


If there were any unusual modes of propulsion these were to count so many points each. The Judges were seven, two veterinary surgeons, a regular cavalry officer, chosen from two squadrons, and one from a regiment of infantry, in this case the Seaforth Highlanders and the riding instructor at "Tattersalls". In case of a dispute the decision of the Chairman, the High Commissioner for Canada, Colonel Francis Macdonagh, formerly Inspector General of the Irish Constabulary, to be final.

Miss Gascoigne, and her faithful ally, had practised her horse in every way pos-

sible, and fed him most carefully herself and Karonwee had watched over him like an infant. The horse had been curry combed, and given a sufficient quantity of linseed till his coat shone like ebony. You are to be extremely careful, Karonwee, to underfeed rather than overfeed him, and on the day when I show off his paces, keep him a little hungry. Now, do you understand? "To be sure, Lo-lo-teke, am I not a Blackfoot, almost born on horse back?" Yes, you are my red faced brother, but I'm a prairie maid and a Princess of the Blackfoot nation and believe me I'm terribly anxious not to make a fool of myself, for my dear Dad, Kokekee, and all my brothers and sisters of "Lone Wolf Lodge", will breathlessly await our triumph or our disgrace. Poor Karonwee, standing silently by, with his eyes towards the sky, replied, "My Morning Star", I shall pray for you and for the horse, to the Great Spirit of the sky, the air, the wind and the waters, to give the strength of the buffalo, the swiftness and keenness of the eagle, the cunning of the prairie fox' the strength of the grizzly bear and the bravery of the mountain lion for all these qualities. Can I, a poor Indian, do more?

My friend, if you pray as you say to the Great Spirit and be a good indian, we are





sure to win. Blanket the stallion and let us all go home together, he shall rest and only exercise lightly, "till the great event to-morrow". Get all my clothes prepared and left in my dressing room at twelve o'clock and take care that your skin jacket, leggings and moccassins are well oiled and your hair braided neatly, for you know that the "Great Queen" mother will be looking at us. "Lo-lo-teke it is well, you will be proud of your brother."

The fateful, but not fatal, hour had come. The Royal family had been seated a few minutes when the Queen's Aide appeared before her, bowing low. Your Majesty, I have learned that the mother of your honorary Aide-de-Camp, Colonel Gascoigne, is sitting opposite with her lady attendant. Oh! I am glad you told me. Please escort the two ladies to my presence. The Aide took a short cut across the floor of the arena and delivered his command. The two ladies arose instantly but looked very much astonished. Attended by the Aide, the three crossed the floor, ascended the steps and were presented to the Queen and Prince of Wales. They courtesied low and kissed the hand of the former and then seated themselves on the left, between the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Gascoigne, after a moment's

silence, and in almost a whisper said, Your gracious Majesty, this is indeed one of the greatest happinesses and honors that could have been bestowed on a humble servant of Your Majesty. Indeed replied the latter how could I possibly overlook the charming mother of such a distinguished officer as Colonel Gascoigne, V.C., and an Aide-de-Camp of mine too? My son, Your Majesty, will be more than gratified, indeed he will be delighted by your kindness and graciousness at this, a supreme honor. The Queen, and the rest of the royal party, fell into informal and agreeable conversation, indeed the thousands present were bubbling over with good spirits and anticipation of these the last, most interesting and crowning events of the many that had transpired during the past two days and a half of the horse show. The magnificent band struck up "Annie Laurie" and through a megaphone, the Announcer, from the gate by which the horses entered the arena, informed the onlookers that the competition of lady riders, from all over the British Isles and Europe, would now take part. The gates were thrown wide and two lady competitors entered and reined up their mounts, the grooms standing by holding the bridles.

Before describing coming events it may

he interesting, especially to my lady readers, to say that Mrs. Gascoigne was gowned in a tight fitting, tailor made costume of white cricketing flannel, plainly bound in black satin, a patent leather belt, silver buckle and her beautiful hair was crowned with a black satin toque (the fashion of the day) on the left side, over the ear, a bunch of violets and on the left, a platinum arrow set with Brazilian brilliants. Patent leather shoes with buckles of antique paste. Over the whole, the hem only six inches from the ground, Mrs. Gascoigne wore a magnificent cloak of dark blue velvet, trimmed all around in ermine six inches wide. A costume fitted for a Queen or Princess.

The ladies, in pairs, on magnificent mounts side saddles, although astride was allowed, competed strenuously and earnestly, throwing their all into their work. Fully fifty women had competed when it was easily seen that a magnificent dark bay gelding had easily outclassed all others. This horse had a long jet black mane and tail and was, apparently in superb condition. It was owned by a Scotch lady a descendant of the Earl of Seaforth on the mother's side.

CHAPTER 13

This lady was the last but one and merited the plaudits of the crowd. She entered one of the largest boxes, beside the floor of the arena, and joined a party of relations and friends in the midst of whom sat the Earl and Countess of Seaforth.

Outside the building, but attached thereto, were the horses' stalls and boxes and in one of the latter were Lo-lo-teke and Karon-we fully dressed for the ordeal. They were standing on each side of the stallion, with a sponge in their hand wetting the nose and swabbing the mouth with cold water. Lo-lo-teke said, now pick up his feet, clean out the frogs, (the horse was unshod) sponge them well and then do the same thoroughly to his belly and legs, then give him two pints of oats but, mind, no water. When all this was finished, the announcement was made by megaphone and one of the arena attendants came into the box and led the horse to about 50 yards from the entrance. It was covered by a pure white woollen blanket and in large betters, woven in black, running parallel with the body of the stallion were the words

"Lone Wolf Ranch", North West Canada, the whole surmounted by a maple leaf, the national emblem. The horse and attendant stood perfectly still, the former muscular, forelegs straight, hind stretched far apart, head turning this way and that, the large intelligent eyes looking around the large assembly and perhaps whispering — "What do these people expect me to do?"

A silence which could be almost heard, and strained necks, following the entry of these two unique, lonely figures, the like of which had never been seen outside the great Canadian West. To all present, as the two figures walked quietly, side by side, they were thought undoubtedly to be Indians, as Lo-lo-teke was as browned by the sun and elements as her companion. The former wore a pure white skin jacket, fringed with large wolf teeth (the Blackfoot emblem of good luck) the back of the jacket was black satin with the number "21" heavily beaded in white. This number, was in the programmes, opposite the name of the rider, and as the two advanced slowly there was rustling of thousands of these programmes, which the crowd were referring to and which to the amazement of the readers, informed the latter that Miss Gascoigne's number was "21"

and that she rode side saddle, and over the hurdles, after which by special request she would give an exhibition of bare back and trick riding.

Karonwee carried on his left arm the side saddle, saddle pad and deer hide girth, no Kerb but a simple snaffle bit. On seeing the two figures approaching the stallion whinnied and whinnied again. Karonwee quickly saddled and bridled the horse, and walking around it, examined every part of the animal, especially the feet. Lo-lo-teke, in the mean time, went to the horse's head, patted his neck and rubbed her cheek against his velvet nose. Karonwee, in Blacfoot said: Are you ready? then the girl grasping the reins and placing her left mocassined foot in his hand, was quickly raised to her seat where she poised like a bird.

She had not ridden on a side saddle for sometime, but speedily became accustomed to it. The stallion feeling his owner's light weight, he suddenly stood perpendicular pawing the air with his hoofs. He quickly regained his former posture, trembled violently, and stood still. A murmur of alarm ran through the vast assemblage while this was transpiring, the graceful girl smiled quietly and then the horse, the girl and the red skin remained, for a full minute, motion-



less as if being posed for a photograph. Lo-lo-teke then looked round for Karonwee and said, "wait for me".

The judges came forward and took a ticket from the Indian which certified to the "weighing-in" figures being alright, as well as that the regulations had been carried out. All these being found in order, the judges signalled the starter, and other officials of the course, to take their places.


Miss Gascoigne then touched the side of her horse, with her moccasined foot, and walked the stallion to a position before the royal pavilion. There she turned in her saddle to exhibit the number on her back. The Royalties and their guests referred to the programmes, and the Queen said, as if to herself, "Miss Gascoigne, Lone Wolfe Lodge, N.W. Canada".


Turning to Mrs. Gascoigne her Majesty said, "Why how strange, this little Indian maid has your name".

Mrs Gascoigne replied, "Not so strange your Majesty, the girl is my grandchild, the daughter of my son whom you know, but who has never been out of Canada till now. From this distance she certainly looks like a full blooded Indian but that is from exposure to the burning sun of the prairie. She is a very talented, charming maiden, speaks

several Indian dialects fluently and has a cultured voice and sings prettily". The Queen beckoned for her secretary and told him to escort Miss Gascoigne to her presence. She was just about to take her place at the starting line when he gave her the Queen's message. Riding up to the steps of the pavilion she jumped from her horse and throwing the reins over his head, mounted and dropping on one knee, kissed the hand of Her Majesty. The latter studied the girl's face and figure, the picturesque dress, the graceful poise and said graciously, "My dear child your grandmother has just told me who you are and I'm rejoiced to know you. Your distinguished father is my Aide-de-Camp, but I must not detain you now, promise me that you will be very careful, more anon. The Prince of Wales leaning over his mother's shoulder said "By George she's a hummer".

The lady from the Earl of Seaforth's box came to the starting line, and telling her groom to bring forth her bay gelding, she quickly mounted. Studying both horse and rider, with the eye of an expert, the ladies shook hands and smiled graciously. Intense and whispering excitement, now ran through the crowd like a gentle but penetrating zephyr. Miss Gascoigne was told by the starter






to trot slowly around the ring, then gallop, and to endeavor to urge her horse to as many other forms of propulsion as possible. She accomplished all three most accurately, with the reins of the bridle thrown loosely on the stallions neck. Then, to the astonishment of all, she made the latter break into a sharp "single foot" action, and finally break from that into a gentle and graceful lope. All these paces were accomplished by one whispered word "trot, lope, etc." All these new stunts were the result of incredible patience, and skill, by Miss Gascoigne and Karonwee.

Mr. Tattersall now joined the group of Judges, and walked to Miss Gascoigne's side, who had dismounted and was standing beside her stallion. How in the world did you manage to get all those new stunts, it is a great thing for my stables, Tattersalls. Miss Gascoigne mounted again, being assisted by her faithful friend Karonwee who, with water and sponge, was serving the horse as he did at the start. The attendants now placed four hurdles in line, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and the stallion took them like a bird. He was followed successfully and the pegs were raised to 5, $5\frac{1}{4}$, $5\frac{1}{2}$ and finally $5\frac{3}{4}$ feet, all of which were covered by the two courageous horses excepting the last. Miss Gascoigne called to

Karonwee now, to sponge her horse's mouth and when this was done she cleared the $5\frac{3}{4}$. Followed by the gelding it haulted, reared and though both whip and spur were used refused the jump.

Both horses were led back to their boxes, to be rubbed down and blanketed. Miss Gascoigne said: Karonwee a pint of oats and salt, sponge out the stallion's mouth and frogs, which of course was duly accomplished.

Now the last event of the great show was at hand and expectation at fever heat. Miss Gascoigne mounted and already advancing to do her stunts, with Karonwee walking by her side when Mr. Tattersall strolled up and said, "Miss Gascoigne that horse is too restive and dangerous, nay vicious to try trick riding, but she only smiled back and in her quietest voice replied, "I never saw the horse who would not obey my will or that I could not successfully ride." "That is true," burst in Karonwee, please stand aside "till my sister shows you". Mr. Tattersall reluctantly stepped back and Miss Gascoigne's stallion stood at the tape. At a word from the girl the horse stood erect, pawed the air, snorted and plunged forward. The side saddle had been exchanged for the one of deer hide and with a loose rein the stallion



broke from a lope into a quick trot and from the latter to a gallop, stretching and at full length, belly almost touching the ground, he flew by, close to the rails, amid the hurrahs of the spectators.

Immediately before this, Karonwee, had placed Miss Gascoigne's doe-skin coat on the ground, opposite the Royal pavillion, and vis a vis to this, Mr. Tattersall had thrown on the sanded floor a beautiful golden loving cup. Approaching the jacket Miss Gascoigne, grasped the long mane of the stallion, and agilely stooping forward, with head down and feet in the air, seized the jacket and sprang back upon the almost invisible saddle, then with a gentle pressure of the reins and a low "stop" the splendid horse stiffened and stood still.

The spectators were on tip toe in a second, hundreds broke into the ring dancing and shouting, as only Englishman can, but Karonwee, forestalling the rush had run for the bridle and led both horse and rider out of danger.

At this moment the gelding, led by its mistress, approached Miss Gascoigne, and said, "Won't you try my horse over the same jumps for, unless you do, I shall never get him to jump for me again", to which Miss Gascoigne responded, "Yes, if you wish".

The latter was helped to the saddle, which being replaced by her own, instead of the pig-skin one. She led the gelding to the tape, patting his neck and caressing him in gentle words. The horse sprang forward but stopped dead five feet from the hurdle, stood straight up, almost unhorsing the rider, came down hard on its fore feet, stood still and trembled like a leaf. Evidently terrified and remembering its former failure. Miss Gascoigne never moved a muscle and horse and girl were again standing out like a bronze statue. After five minutes, when verily you could hear a pin fall, Miss Gascoigne wheeled the horse around and guided him to the tape, not touching or saying a word to him, untill they had reached that point. Mr. Tattersal looking anxious, again requested the rider to desist but she quietly looked at him and smiled in a roughish manner.

Then she began to pat the horse on the neck, head and withers, crooning over him but only a little above a whisper. She motioned to Karonwee to bring water and sponge to swab his mouth and the frogs of his feet, also to softly pass the sponge over his body, especially the belly. The horse responded to this by a gentle whinney. Now my beauty, you are cool and sensible, you

have jumped 5 feet and you are going to do it again right now. The gelding cocked its ears and again whinneyed. Catching the reins gently and saying simply "now" and striking the sides of the horse with her little moccassined heels, like the sticks of a kettle drum, the noble animal responded to the urge and on reaching the hurdle sprang up and forward. Miss Gascoigne rising like a bird and releasing all weight, the gelding landed lightly on the other side, accomplished what its owner called an impossible feat and one which broke the great gelding's record which now stood at 5 1/2 feet.



CHAPTER 14

The day following these events the Queen had invited Mrs. Gascoigne with her granddaughter to lunch and at the Prince of Wales's request, Karonwee was invited to go with them. The lunch was at 2 o'clock and it was a very informal one, the Queen, two of her maids of honor, her private secretary, and last but not least the Prince. It looked, indeed, like a family reunion, the aunt was very handsomely gowned, but by request of the Queen, Marie Grant, was dressed as she appeared in the horse show. The Prince asked the latter if he might have the honor of riding with her in the park the following day and it was arranged accordingly. The Prince had asked that the cups be brought by Karonwee and after lunch they were brought into the blue room, and greatly admired. Karonwee interested the Queen's household immensely and was asked a great many questions by the royal hosts. The Queen was astonished at his intelligence and command of the English tongue and requested that Miss Gascoigne

and Karonwee, should converse in the Black-foot dialect. Her Majesty was greatly pleased, and wondered, when told that Miss Gascoigne was mistress of a number of Indian dialects, and smiled when told that she was a Princess of the Blackfoot nation. Everybody enjoyed themselves immensely, the Queen presented a handsome medal to Miss Gascoigne to be transmitted on the first opportunity, to Chief Crowfoot, with a gift of 100 guineas, in gold.

The next, and the following days, the Prince with Miss Gascoigne and his equerry rode in Rotten Row, and the Park, and many who met them recognized at once the heroine of the recent horse show. The Prince presented Marie Grant with a beautiful loving cup, the cover of which represented his crest and motto, the three feathers with *Ich Dieu, I serve*, beneath. Marie Grant presented the Prince with a cross belt of white fawn skin, around which was cleverly sewn a fringe of wolf teeth (signifying good luck) and beautifully embroidered with porcupine quills and gold and black bead work.

Then the Gascoigne's and Karownwee left for home and in the interim, all arrangements had been made for Miss Gascoigne's going to the Continent accompanied by a lady who was to instruct her in French and Italian.

This lady was highly educated and accomplished. Previous to leaving Shagford, the itinery of travel had been carefully drawn out, the two ladies departing for Paris and subsequently Hyeres and the Riviera. Karonwee was to wait, meantime, for instructions from Colonel Gascoigne. The former was really grief stricken when his "Morning Star" departed and worked for her a superb necklace of colored beads, suspended to which was a tassel of Wolf Teeth.

A short time before leaving Shagford, Marie Grant had become subject to headaches and failing to get relief called for treatment on Professor Freemantle, a toxicologist and a gifted man, who also treated patients mentally ailing. Every week Marie Grant called at his house, 31 1/2 Harley Street, London, and although he relieved his patient of headaches, the latter were replaced by an ailment quite as bad, a feeling of languidness, which the Professor told her would gradually pass off.

The Professor was about 6 feet tall, thin and sallow, 32 years of age, with black hair, narrow and very low forehead, small beady eyes with thick brows meeting, a long hooked nose and red lips, ornamented with beautiful teeth. An ugly man but, if not actually repulsive, nearly so. The one thing that saved him was a low, sweet voice, like

a clarionet, deeply insinuating and mesmeric. He asked to be informed of Miss Gascoigne's movements and gave her a small bottle of pills, to be replenished when finished.

Miss Gascoigne had been travelling over the greater part of civilized Europe, with her companion, and with great perseverance and industry had acquired the French and Italian languages. We now find these two girls seated, of a fine moonlight night, on the spacious, sheltered veranda of Shepherd's hotel in Cairo. The lady companion, not feeling well, had retired, leaving Miss Gascoigne alone. Seated near by, and enjoying a cup of tea and a cigar, was a very striking looking young man of about 28 years old. At least six feet tall, swarthy, with deep blue eyes and sun burnt, he looked like a native Egyptian. Though dressed like a soldier, his appearance denoted the scholar and indeed that was exactly what he was, in fact a genius in his line. His name was Doctor Angus Antrobus who had been sent to Cairo, by the British Government to ascertain the cause of a sleeping sickness which was spreading with alarming rapidity, among the British army. The Sirdar was greatly concerned and was now in the hotel, with the object of talking over the matter with Antrobus.

Finishing his smoke, he strolled over towards Miss Gascoigne and asked permission to sit beside her. She smiled sweetly and said she would be very much pleased and that since leaving home had been dreadfully lonely. They had known each other now for months, had walked, and ridden on horseback together almost every morning.

After conversing on light and conventional topics, they switched off to the subjects of climate and health and as if by afterthought, Miss Gascoigne rehearsed an account of her ailments and of her having been treated by Freemantle. Antrobus replied: I know him, a queer character, socially a hermit and (laughingly) the ugliest man I ever saw, but undoubtedly very talented in his line and well known.

Miss Gascoigne languidly remarked, I loathe him poor man, and actually tremble when he approaches me. Then, Miss Gascoigne will you excuse me if I question you but, being a Doctor, I am interested in your condition. Then taking her hand in his and feeling the pulse said. "Your hands are abnormally cold, the pulse subnormal and I am sure your temperature is too high, in fact far too much so for your age and apparent good health."

Then taking from his pocket a magnifying glass he said, may I ask you to open your mouth wide. After a long look the Doctor asked, have you ever habituated yourself to drugs? Miss Gascoigne's eyes opened wide, and sitting up quickly replied "Mercy never" excepting what Professor Freemantle gave me. Well, well, that is very strange for your gums, upper and lower, below the tongue, and on each side of the teeth are "blue", not "red", as they should be and that is produced only by large quantities of mercury.

May I ask, how long Freemantle has been treating you and for what, you appear a very healthy girl? He has been prescribing and sending me medicine, for over three years. Then, I tell you what, as a physician of experience, I earnestly implore you to discontinue this treatment and to throw away the medicine you have been taking. I would ask you to show me the latter but that is unprofessional. But let me say, and assure you that you are a perfectly healthy subject and require no pick me ups of any kind. Now please do remember, otherwise the consequences may be very serious.

A week after this Miss Gascoigne was sitting in her usual place on the veranda, when who should appear suddenly before

her, but Freemantle, they shook hands and she tried to avoid his eyes, he stooped till she raised them and then she trembled, as she had told Antrobus. The latter and the Sirdar, the famous General Gordon, then approached the other two, and the Sirdar being introduced, they resumed their pacing up and down but, before doing so, Antrobus said, what are you doing here Freemantle? to which the latter gave an evasive reply.

The weather was now almost unbearably hot, the riding had been discontinued and Antrobus saw little of Miss Gascoigne. A fortnight after this, however, the latter with Freemantle was having tea, when Antrobus joined them. The former was in the act of handing a cup of tea to the girl, with his righthand, while with his left he skillfully dropped a tiny yellowish pil into the cup. Swift as thought Antrobus intercepted and taking the tea quickly poured it over the railing, picked the pill out and transferred it to his cigarette case. Freemantle arose raging and said. What, Sir, is that you are impudently doing ? Antrobus replied coolly. "Preventing a villian from administering mercury to a healthy young girl and trying to poison her." Freemantle looked menacingly at the other and said.

"You will repent of this". Antrobus laughingly said. "Oh, hardly, but I shall see that you do, now damn it, be off before I kick you". A few day after this interview Antrobus called on Freemantle and told him that he had analized the pill at his laboratory in the Sirdar's headquarters and found it contained mercury and the poison of the "teitsel-fly" indigenous to Central Africa, with which he had been experimenting, for as you know, this is the same poison which has been, for a year, incapacitating hundreds of the Queen's soldiers. However, let me come to the point, I have for a long time been an observer of Miss Gascoigne's condition, of which I spoke to her, and I particularly noticed that the top lid of her left eye drooped permanently, which I need not inform you is "hypnosia", which may continue for months and as long as the compound is administered.

Now I have warned Miss Gascoigne against you and I must insist on your leaving the country at once or I shall be obliged to have you arrested by the Sirdar, to whom I've spoken, as well as to the Khedive.

Freemantle took all this sullenly but coolly and explained that he had made arrangements to return to his practice in London. The interview ended. True to his

word Freemantle paid his hotel bill and departed but, a native spy, whom the Sirdar told Antrobus to employ, found out that Freemantle had not only decamped but Miss Gascoigne with him.

Now, it may as well be said here, Antrobus was desperately in love with this lovely girl and he had no sooner learnt that she had gone but scented foul play. Instantly he despatched cables to all accessible points and sent the first to her grandmother in Shagford, told her to send him, by first boat, one of the most capable of Scotland Yard's detectives. In the mean time Freemantle and his victim had in the disguise of natives, taken passage by ship for Palermo, Sicily. Of course, Miss Gascoigne, poor soul, was not only under the influence of the drug but the horrid power of Freemantle's marvellous hypnotic power as well. The Scotland Yard detective duly arrived, having been given all necessary information by the girl's grandmother, and a portrait of the girl, in the meantime there was nothing more to do.

Now it transpired that Doctor Antrobus had discovered the actual cause of the sleeping sickness but not whence, or how, the drug came to the soldiers but he assured the Sirdar that as it was a potion which

had never come before the most eminent chemists, and bacteriologists of the world, and as he had found it administered to Miss Gascoigne by Freemantle, it certainly was a strange coincidence if not actually a suspicious one.

This being allowed, the case became, instead of a personal matter, one of national concern and importance. Pictures followed describing Freemantle to all points of the civilized globe with £5000 reward and instructions to the police of all these countries to arrest on sight, the person described. This being all, in the meantime, that could be done Antrobus' work was completed successfully and he asked the Sirdar to request the Government for instructions. This was done and the latter, two days after, asked Antrobus to meet the Khedive and himself in the latter's office. On arriving there he was astonished to find the staffs of both distinguished men, with the officers of the garrison in full uniform with their families gaily dressed. A large marquee had been erected, where refreshments were served and on a spacious lawn at the side, a table stood, with chairs in a semicircle surrounding it. At the appointed time the concourse assembled and were asked to be seated. The Sirdar and Khedive advanced to the table

and quietly telling them briefly, that he had the honor of presiding at a most pleasing ceremony to him, he requested Doctor Antrobus to step forward. This amazed man did so and the Sirdar informed him that Queen Victoria had empowered him to confer Knighthood upon him and advancing said. Kneel Doctor Antrobus, then, "in the Queen's name I confer the order of Knighthood upon you", when placing the order and ribbon around his neck touched his shoulder with his own sword saying. "Arise Knight Baronet". This being concluded the new Baronet arose and advanced to the table, when he placed the ribbon and cross of the Distinguished Service order also around his neck. Then he said, I have two letters, one from your Alma Mater, Oxford, the other from Cambridge, the first confers the degree of D. C. L., the other one L. L. D. The Khedive then addressed Sir Arthur Antrobus, Bart, briefly saying, "I have the honor, besides the greatest pleasure, of investing you with this the highest honor Egypt can confer, viz. the red star of the 1st. order, and following these words hung the ribbon about the Baronet's neck saying. This is bestowed, and worthily, for distinguisher research and chemical work and I trust you will bear in mind that I, being

merely the representative of my people, this high honor is not only directly bestowed by me, and my government, but by Egypt and the Sudan, which latter now, owing entirely to you, a distinguished and beloved man, who stands beside me, has been recently added to Egypt.

The Sirdar then added, "the great honor the Khedive has conferred upon you. I trust, you will cherish, for even the foremost of distinguished men rarely receive it". At the same time, both England and Egypt owe you an imperishable debt, you have made a wonderful discovery which, as you so decidedly announce, will clear our hospitals of the deadly "sleeping sickness" and enable our soldiers to return shortly to their regiments, thus preventing likely a most disastrous state of affairs. Besides, all this good work, you have for science and humanity everywhere, conferred an imperishable gift which with such great names as Lister Pasteur, under whom you studied and Jensen, your name will go down to posterity". Then the Sirdar and Khedive shook hands and congratulated Sir Arthur Antrobus and they were followed by all the invited guests.

Sir Arthur had received leave of absence for an indefinite time but was requested to let the Sirdar know his whereabouts, as he

could not spare his services during these anxious times. Sir Arthur then set to work, with his constitutional coolness and energy, to find the whereabouts of his lady love.

Five long years had now transpired since the couple disappeared and yet not a whisper of their whereabouts, Colonel Gascoigne had increased the reward to £10,000 and the British and Egyptian Government the same. The world had apparently been fine toothcombed for them and by many, they were thought dead. But the Gascoigne family, Sir Arthur Antrobus and the Sirdar were still seeking every trail. Karonwee was going and coming between Shagford and Cairo continually and in desperation, the Paris police were called in and a Superintendent, Martin, a man of world wide fame, was loaned by the French Government.

One morning early the Sirdar, Sir Arthur and the proprietor of "Shepherds" were seated on the veranda smoking, with Captain detective Martin when, who should suddenly appear before them but Keronwee and Kokekee. They all had heard but none had seen her and naturally, they wondered who this beautiful Indian girl could be, until Karonwee introduced her. The latter

was dressed in deerhide, worked in porcupine, a short skirt, fringed leggins and moccasins beaded in blue to match the dress.

She spoke rapidly in perfect English to the effect that as everyone on this side the great waters had evidently gone asleep, including this stupid Indian, pointing to Karonwee she, Kekekee, was going to find her beloved white sister. Her listeners smiled and were so entertained, not only by the girl's wondrous beauty, but by her audacity and passion as well, for she spoke passionately, her eyes snapping and her little moccassined feet constantly tapping the ground, until she exclaimed. "Are you stupid deaf mutes or shall I have to tickle you with my dagger to wake you?"

Then they all attempted to pacify the girl who replied that she thought them all very stupid, that Mrs. Gascoigne had cabled for a room for her here. I want you to understand that I shall not be interfered with. I'm going to hunt the wolves myself. I've a lot of gold. Then stamping her foot and turning to Karonwee "See that my bags are taken to my room and await me there." Turning she courtesied and quietly walked into the hotel.

After putting away the contents of her

grips she told Karonwee that he could now return to Shagford and on his protesting that he would remain to look after her, she flew into a passion and said she was going to work all alone and repenting of her temper, pulled out a heavily calibred police revolver and a dagger, the last gift to her from Miss Gascoigne, remarking that he knew of old how "deadly" they were in her hands, and how she could take care of herself, told him also to prepare at once to return by the boat leaving that afternoon. She then sought the hotel proprietor and asked him to take lunch with her. He accepted promptly, for indeed he had become a fascinated swain under her mesmeric influence. Now my friend remember that I am a Princess of the Blackfeet nation, the most powerful tribe in our good Queen's Canadian Northwest.

What I say is you must keep a deadly secret for I will discuss everything regarding Miss Gascoigne's absence and that of the villain who, I'm sure, has kidnapped her. In the first place I'm going to master the Arabic tongue. I now speak French and as you know English, besides I am familiar with all the Indian dialects of my beloved prairies. Now, will you, Mr. MacKenzie, take me to the most competent master you know of and at once? Certainly, he replied, we

shall drive there at once. In due time they arrived and Kokekee was introduced to a pleasant little Arab who was not only a wonderful linguist but had the gift of imparting what he knew.

With her inherent cleverness she was, in a year's time, a very fair Arabic Scholar. During this time she had purchased a black thoroughbred, pure blooded, Arab stallion, and on this horse during the twelve months alluded to had, with an attendant Arab, familiarized herself with, not only Cairo, but all its surroundings for miles. These two striking figures were much admired by all the residents, especially by the officers of the garrison and their families.

Kokekee attended strickly to business and every night, in her room, made elaborate notes in her diary. She was sought by many of the English residents out of sheer curiosity and by the ladies of the garrison, but by the latter on account of her unique character and experience. Besides, they felt for, and fully sympathized, in her object and admired her for her great courage and faith, in trying to ascertain the fate of her beloved mistress.

Only once did Kokekee give way and that was at the annual party of the Sirdar, where all the elite of the City, headed by

the Khedive, assembled. Sir Arthur Antrobus called personally and escorted her, to the party. There, many knew her personally but all as the beautiful Indian maiden who rode through the City daily on a superb Arab stallion astride, and without stirrups, the most perfect horse woman they had ever seen. The Sirdar, the Khedive and Sir Arthur took charge of her but only to the latter did she mention Miss Gascoigne's name. Sir Arthur was amazed to find Kokekee conversing fluently in Arabic and wondered at her cleverness in mastering it so soon. Sir Arthur, she said, you always take great interest in my beloved, do you know her well? He looked up sharply while a blush overspread his face. Oh, yes! he replied, I take more than an interest in that lovely girl. Kokekee studied his handsome face and said, "Sir Arthur, we Indians are frank, your eyes give you away and you love my princess, but that is locked in my heart. Now I know your secret I shall work for you too, but believe me the black hawk of the Great Spirit told me in my dreams that my beloved should soon be found and that I should be his instrument. Taking out of her pocket a tiny white kid case she said, "I present you with this and the lock of hair inside,

it is of my beloved, perhaps she will be yours very soon. The Blackfeet know how to do things."

By this time Kokekee had a far more complete knowledge of Cairo than the local Government detectives, and of its surroundings, not only this but of its notorious dives, all the frequenters of which she well knew and they knew her. From her first entering Cairo she had been followed by a native Arab of huge proportions, he was six feet, 6 inches tall and of most repulsive appearance. His name was Fiesel and he owned and operated the lowest dive in the place, facing the desert. It had all the appearance of a club, but of what nature she had yet to learn. Fiesel had for a year been following her about and Kokekee knew that the fellow was desperately in love with her and encouraged him for her own set purpose. This night at 12 o'clock, riding her stallion and accompanied by her swarthy servant, arrived at Fiesel's place and alighting from her horse told her attendant that she was going inside for exactly an hour and if she then did not make her appearance to ride at once to the barracks and inform Sir Arthur Antrobus. The Young Arab implored his young mistress not to enter the dive saying that the owner and

his friends were desperate cut throats. His mistress smilingly replied, "Casai fear not, I have this with me" and showed him her "Colts" revolvers.

Fiesel had told the girl that his door only opened to preconcerted signal and advancing she gave a curious light tapping with her knuckles. The proprietor expecting his visitor swung the door wide and with a look of triumph and with an animal expression, showing his teeth, grinned and putting his huge hand on her shoulder said "Welcome". The girl sprang back, and with flashing eyes said, "take away your dirty hand, how dare you, I am a Princess". She then walked backwards to the end of the room, sitting with her back to the wall where she commanded the situation. Her anger made the other occupants of the room laugh aloud and gloat over their Chief's discomfiture. The latter glared up and down the rows of faces and placed his hand on the handle of a huge dagger at his belt. Better be careful or you will all rue familiarity.

At this threat Kokekee, who had been watching every movement, replied with a scowl. "Fiesel, hand me that knife at once, there is to be no noise here tonight" and he did so as meekly as a child, the girl sticking the weapon in her belt.

The room was a low one, the walls and ceiling black with the smoke from hearth and pipe, not a single article hung on the walls and the only light was from an old Roman oil lamp, suspended by a tripod of brass chains, from the centre of the ceiling, the door (only one) and the windows were shuttered with iron and all barred with oak, 4 x 4, let into the stone work on each side. Two tables ran the whole length of the room, the tops of polished ebony and at the head of each a roulette-wheel stood, with all evidence of constant use.

The men all sat around on benches and were playing dominoes, and a game of racing zinc horses on a colored board, beside which the dice rattled frequently. There was what the indian maid called "fire water" in jugs, around the table, plenty of it, but these men were all sober and quiet, playing their games fairly. Here and there were piles of stacked sovereigns in plenty, up and down the tables, beside the players. And of the latter it may be said that it would be impossible to produce a collection of more horrible faces, even from "Dante's Inferno".

A strange place for so youthful and beautiful a maiden, yet she sat there and smiled but not at what she there saw, for a vision arose before her eyes of the beloved "Lone

Wolf Lodge" and of her adored "Lo-lo-tekee". Oh! would she ever, ever find her?

While the men were engaged Kokekee signalled to Fiesel to a chair 10 feet away and facing her. When he seated himself she drew forth her own dagger and holding the handle, laid it across her knees. 'By Allah', explained Fiesel, why do you do this?, to which the girl replied, "come an inch nearer and find out".

Now you ugly brute, said the latter, you promised by Allah that you would give me those papers and the bottle of pills, labelled, for which service I have promised that you may ride out with me, now and then, and that I should smile on you. I promise by "Allah", in return, to give you three month's warning before I tell the Sirdar.

Kokekee concluded, we have both sworn and I will give you only till to-morrow noon to fulfill your obligation and if you fail I shall tell the Sirdar, instantler, and you know what that means. Now open the door and call Casai. I go, Fiesel complied and while the young maiden passed between the tables she flung a doeskin bag of 100 guineas on the table, telling the men to divide them equally, she passed out with her "Colt" in her right hand. Casai helped her to mount and they quickly rode back to the hotel.

The next day while seated on the veranda, partaking of lime juice with Sir Arthur Antrobus, Fiesel approached, scowling and eyeing the former suspiciously, handed to Kokekee a brown paper parcel. The latter standing aside opened it and slowly and carefully examining the contents turned around saying "I am glad you have fulfilled your compact and you will find that an Indian princess can do the same". You may go. Sir Arthur said in astonishment, "I know that rascal, surely you do not have anything to do with him for he would have no hesitation in cutting his own mother's throat".

Yes Sir Arthur, I have known that villain for over a year, he loves me and I have him. body and soul, in the hollow of my hand". You are a mystery and a marvel, but I suppose I must not appear inquisitive. Not yet, but you can be assured that that parcel, now in my hands, contains the first steps of finding our beloved sister. You observe, with a smile, that I said "our" not my beloved? Her companion replied, "You are a devil of a tease but a very dear little one". Then they separated for lunch.

Sir Arthur worrying about Miss Gascoigne, and there being nothing for him to do in the meantime, accepted Pasteur's, his

old teacher's invitation to his home in Paris, and we find these two Savants closeted in the famous laboratory. Sir Arthur is showing his teacher the "teetsel fly" and the African "Seroot fly" as well, the latter being a tabanid" capable of inflicting a very poisonous puncture. These flies were in glass bottles, as well as the "scorpion", "tarantula" and other venomous insects brought by Sir Arthur to show, and experiment with his friend. The latter agreed, after much research work, that Freemantle's pills contained the poison of the "teetsel fly" and mercurial paste, a very clever compound, new and valuable if in skilled hands, but very dangerous otherwise. Between them, these two friends, compounded an antitoxine to offset and cure the affect of Freemantle's poison. Sir Arthur was entertained with lavish hospitality and was highly honored by being made "a member of the legion of honor" and at a function in the Tuileries, attended by the elite of Paris, he received the investiture, in a practical manner, when the President hung the decoration around the neck of the distinguished recipient.

But it was in the laboratory that the former master and pupil, delighted to converse regarding their work and discoveries.

Poison at present took first place and they discussed mineral and vegetable poison of every description and experimented on rabbits and mice with several. Especially were they much taken with a new find "Curare", an arrow poison, which these savants found out could be swallowed in considerable quantities, without any serious result whilst a minute quantity introduced into a wound is speedily fatal. After a month's intense experimental work they had demonstrated to their own satisfaction, that "hydrocyanic acid" is one of the most, if not the most deadly poison, discovered for, in its pure state, it kills with lightning rapidity. But it was a delicate experiment, this comparison of poisons, so much so that they found out for the first time, that 1/16 of a grain of "Aconite" was fatal, but if administered in small doses, death could be deterred for a prolonged period. And the most horrid part of it that intelligence remains unaffected 'till almost the last. Truly these Savants were like "Aesculapins", the gods of medicine. On bidding adieu to Pasteur, Sir Arthur crossed the channel and paid a visit to Mrs. Gascoigne.

During all these anxious years what was happening in Canada's newly acquired Northwestern Territories, especially in the

valley of the Qu'appelle and particularly in the district immediately surrounding "Lone Wolf Lodge".

The newly appointed Governor, under Sir John Macdonald, Hon. William MacDougall, had precipitated the first North West rebellion, under Louis Riel, the famous French Canadian Half-breed, a very clever, persevering man of fine physique who had an excellent education at St. Mary's College, Bleury Street, Montreal. He spoke English as well as French and the Indian dialects of the prairies. Riel captured Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, which then was a sparsely populated district scattered along the Banks of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers and forming a junction there, named by the natives, "the meeting of the waters". Riel and his Breeds captured old "Fort Garry", the famous head quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, where an immense fur trade was carried on by Indians and trappers, from as far north as the Arctic Circle, west to the Rockies, South to the international boundary of the United States and east to the Great Lakes, an illimitable territory, soon to become the "bread-basket" of the British Empire.



CHAPTER 16

Riel began to figure with a high and autocratic hand, finally driving out all the officers of the Company from the old fort, and establishing himself as Chief and appointing a rebel government and following, precipitating matters by murdering, in cold blood, one "Scott" a prominent figure and early settler, together with imprisoning the Hon. Mr. Schultz, a very rich man who, a few years later was appointed Governor of Manitoba. This was too much for Sir John Macdonald, and his Cabinet, to stand and after short negotiations with the British Government, Sir Garnet Wolseley, was despatched to lead an expedition and go after Riel. This famous General took with him a picked body of Canadian Volunteers and, in an incredibly short time, effectually defeated Riel and his rebels and restored order and quiet throughout the Territories — The Canadian Pacific Railway, about this time, began its great work and under a Syndicate headed by Sir Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, Lord Mount Stephen, then Sir George Stephen, Richard B. Angus, for-

merly General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, and other prominent moneyed men of London, England and New York, the financial and constructive arrangements were rapidly formed and, under consummate difficulties, begun. Sir Wm. Van Horn, afterwards Knighted, was appointed General Manager and he was a Railroad genius who began, so to speak, at the lowest rung of the ladder and rose to the top thereof, till he was recognized as the peer of American railroaders—With marked ability, and determination Sir William carried on, to completion till in 1885 the last spike was driven by Sir Donald Smith, surrounded by many notable figures in Canadian history, not the least of whom was the great Canadian Sir Sandford Fleming, the inventor of "Standard-time" and the man who first thought of and suggested, the "allred route". Truly, it may be said that only once in a thousand years could an aggregation, of such powerful minds, be got together, in that era of Canadian Pacific Railway construction and who visioned and labored, as one man, for the building up of this Western Section of the Empire.

From the time his daughter left "Lone Wolf Lodge", Colonel Gascoigne was perhaps one of the twelve busiest men in the

country. Having been twice to Shagford and Cairo, where he had met all his old friends, he had left the whereabouts of his daughter to Kokekee, for he well knew that she possessed, such an extraordinary warm love for his daughter, and inherited the natural skill and cunning of the indian, that he firmly believed that Kokekee, and none other, would find Marie Grant if above or beneath the ground. He had long interviews with both KoKeKee, and Karonwee, and gave them his well considered views on this most mysterious happening. He also opened accounts for each of these faithful people, in the Anglo Egyptian Bank and the last words he said were: "Spare not gold to find my daughter, I shall keep a large sum at the bank always at your disposal". Neither KoKeKee or Karonwee, interrupted the Colonel's remarks, excepting to ask a question, now and again, about the ranch and the doings round about. It was now 1875 and Riel, who was still free, having escaped to Dakota, Montana Territory, was from that district sending "Runners" not only to the Half Breeds throughout the Canadian North West but to the Indian tribes as well, the latter aggregating about 40,000 all old, bucks, squaws and papooses. These tribes had been, for years, collecting rifles

and ammunition, breech loaders, from and through the northern United States and were quite as well armed and equipped as the half breeds. Riel was waiting and watching events of which his scouts kept him well informed, as well as the press of the Northern States.

Colonel Gascoigne knew from his long experience that the psychological moment would, ere long, arrive and had been sedulously preparing for the worst for months. He had, with able assistants, thoroughly organized the North West Constabulary and they were now as fine a body of mounted men as any country could produce, and at the moment, had reached the limited number of 2000 and 2300 horses. The latter not too many as the life of a horse was strenuous, especially during the long and very severe winters. Now that the organization of the police was complete the Colonel had more time to devote to his own interests. The ranch was operated as usual, and during the past six years, had made a deal of money.

As I write, Colonel Gascoigne had just completed a stout, loophold stockade around his bungalow, allowing plenty of space for supplies to last 6 months, with two large water-tanks, besides the one in the bunga-

low. A double fence of cedar, and filled with reinforced concrete, had been erected and at the four corners, towers 20 feet high of rubble stone. Three strands of copper trolley-wire fastened to the top, middle and foot of the fence, so that scaling it, when the power was on, was a sheer impossibility. Power was obtained for this purpose, alone, from a rapidly running stream close to the west of the bungalow and the motor was placed in a hidden, and cement tank, built into the side of the hill. The wires were conducted thence, in a trench 7 feet deep, thence to the stockade. The bungalow stood in the exact centre of the immense enclosure and, because of the artistic way in which the stockade was made, the appearance was unique, as well as pleasing, added to which it was painted the same color as the bungalow. All the furniture and contents of the latter, which the Colonel valued had been sent to, and stored in Winnipeg. The Colonel had imported rifles and ammunition, at his expense and lastly, the garrison he contemplated in a crisis would be limited to 200 fighting men.

The Blackfeet and Bloods, whose reservation was situated outside Fort MacLeod (called after the Colonel, of the same name, a former Commissioner of the N. W. M. Police) South of Calgary. The Colonel

himself always in touch with Chief Crow-foot who, should trouble arise, would have at his command 8000 "young bucks", splendidly mounted and armed with "Winchester repeating rifles and stacks of ball cartridge. The Blood Indians too were a splendid race, physically, but in intelligence they were not to be compared to the Blackfeet.

The "Creeps" were of very inferior stock and through traders from Dakota and Montana, had become degenerate and pervaded by disease. The Blackfeet, Bloods and Stoneys, were governed by "Spartan" laws, consequently any young or elderly squaws, who mixed with white men, or indians of other tribes, were, so to speak, drummed out of the tribe. An offender of this nature is given an extra suit of clothes (if I may call them such) and a bag of pemmican, and is then led out of the tepee by her own father, a mile away, and left alone. If a night of full moon she throws herself on the prairie, howls and yelps, like the timber-wolf and coyote, kneels all night with outstretched hands and prays to the great moon. These poor creatures, unloved, tabooed, cast off into utter darkness, and not even being allowed to approach their own father, mother, sister and brother, succumb to the oldest of temp-

tations, and becomes wantons. What would you do, reader, under the circumstances? In the words of the greatest philosopher—"Ye who are innocent let them cast the first stone"—In this manner has it been in this beautiful world and, since the garden of Eden existed. High, low, rich or poor have always been and shall always remain thus, until the Millenium dawn, then why blame, or point the finger of scorn, at the poor indian. "Whose untutored mind, etc." This digression is merely to explain to those, who have not lived among, or near the indian, that they are exactly like their educated white brothers and though never having had a chance of acquiring knowledge, or shown the difference between good and bad, then if they are not as well educated they are, undoubtedly all chances considered, naturally better than the whites. Summed up it means the advantage of nine tenths of the education, religious and secular, bestowed by the nation, the indian is, individually and collectively, the better subject.

Colonel A. G. Irvine, now Commissioner of Police, a great personal friend of Colonel Gascoigne, they had scouts stationed at strategic points throughout the territories and these were under the control of Cap-

tain George Borradaile, whose Grand father was a companion and cousin of Sir George Simpson, who, in the early days, was the first Chairman, and head, to visit all the posts of the Hudsons' Bay Co. Horses then, were the only means of communication. Sir George's party was accompanied by pack-horses, carrying provisions, and a drove of horses which followed the leaders. When the mounted horses became fagged out they were driven off and thus, years hence, a breed of mustangs sprang up, which again developed the splendid broncho, which are to be found all through the Canadian and American North West. We now leave the Canadian West for a time in comparative peace, and just as Colonel Gascoigne has cabled to Shagford, and Cairo, that he will leave in a month's time direct for Naples, thence to Brindesi, and finally to Cairo. He, of course, left his address with Colonel Irvine and in addition to the trusty Foreman at his ranch, Chief Blackfoot's oldest son, and five of his tribe, were to patrol daily, and every night, the Bungalow and Ranch.

At last the day came and Colonel Gascoigne arrived at Cairo, he was accompanied by his mother, who could not, alone, stand the strain of her grand daughter's strange disappearance. After going to their rooms,

the proprietor of "Shepherds", Mr. MacKenzie, announced the Sirdar, Sir Arthur Aubrobus, KoKeKee and Karownee. The mother and son joined the Sirdar, et al, on this beautiful spring morning, when a breeze was blowing from the south, towards the desert. Mrs. Gascoigne had met a number of times Sir Arthur, but her son, apparently, had not. When the latter were introduced, it was markedly noticed, that Colonel Gascoigne did not hold out his hand but, with cast down eyes, and a very serious expression, coolly nodded. So pronounced was this that all the party looked astonished, but Mrs. Gascoigne wishing to save the situation smilingly said: "my son, your anxiety is getting the better of your manners" and then Sir Arthur, "I am so obliged to you for keeping me so well informed, bi-weekly, of all that is being done for our beloved daughter". Sir Arthur, embarrassed, and no wonder, looked grateful, bowed very low and said: Mrs. Gascoigne "if you will honor me I shall call this afternoon, it is unusually cool, and take you for a drive." "Thank you ever so much Sir Arthur, I shall be delighted, and bowing again low, he withdrew." Evidently a proud but tactful man.

CHAPTER 17

There now remained only the four intensely interesting people. A dead silence, for a few moments, prevailed, the whispering of the wind in the palms, the distant cries of native fruit hawkers. Then the Colonel gave a concise account of affairs in Canada and turning said—enough of this, even my iron nerves are at the breaking point—“KoKeKee, you have not said a word, are you a deaf mute?” Rising, and with flashing eye, the spirited girl replying said—“My Colonel, and looked at the Sirdar—Go on KoKeKee, the Sirdar is one of my oldest friends, then, Colonel, you are indeed ill when you treat such a distinguished and splendid young man, Sir Arthur, as if he were a servant”.

The Colonel, smiling, said, “never mind that go on and quickly. In a low, melodious, and sad voice, poor Kokekee said, “I have the most important news to get, but this is impossible, till this day week, when I have to meet a scoundrel, an Arab, whom I’ve known for over a year, if, and when, I get this important information, I think, I may

confidently say, that I shall then know where my beloved sister is concealed. I think the city is in Italy but where, at present, I have not the remotest idea. I do not wish to infuse you with that supreme confidence, which fills my brain, for fear I fail and disappoint you but, believe me, if I do, in my soul, I am confident that I shall feel more so than even you, her father. Let me add in conclusion Karonwee only accompanies me, he is as devoted to "Morning Star" as I, but I shall not tell a soul where we go but, when I find Lo-lo-teke, as I'm sure to do, as I'm like the latter's Wolf-hound on the scent, you will forthwith be wired but not till my search finds the object of our love. If, my Colonel, you wish to interfere with any of my plans which I hope you will not, for it would be disastrous, I shall forthwith resign my search, leave, "Lone Wolf Lodge", and join my people, that is all but, before I have your answer, when the sun reaches the meridian tomorrow, pray to the "Great Spirit" to give you", and turning, catching the hand of Mrs. Gascoigne said, "Kneel with your good son and pray, pray hard, that he may allow me to carry out this plan, which has taken me 365 days, and anxious nights, to mature."

I kiss your forehead, dearest lady, good

night, my Colonel, adieu, Sirdar, Sir; come Karonwee, we have much work to do, and then turning swiftly walked away like a graceful deer, which indeed they all thought her.

A week later at twelve o'clock of a wet, stormy night of velvet blackness, two unique figures stole from Shepherds, along the streets, till they stopped opposite a low, shuttered house in utter darkness too, and apparently, deserted. The shorter of the two whispered into the ear of the other: "When you hear my revolver come, I am supposed to be alone here, when you enter say not a word but do only as I say, for we deal with a jackall". Then walking to the door rapped, the secret signal. Evidently the applicant was expected, for the door swung open at the first tap and Fiesel said, scrutinising KoKeKee sharply and sullenly. "Alone"? You fool, dont you know me. I am dripping, pile the grate with logs, put the lamp out, stand back "hog", place that dagger and that brace of pistols, on the far end of the table, quick! I say. He scowled, hesitated, when she approached him a step, and drew her dagger; "Quick! I say again, or it penetrates your heart". Fiesel, obeyed and was commanded to sit on the opposite side of the table with his back to the door. Evidently

KoKeKee had thought everything out, to the smallest detail, she stood opposite and coolly drew, from her belt, the "colt" which she cocked. With the exception of the crackling flames, not a sound, intense silence for a few minutes, then Fiesel asked impatiently. "Well are you asleep?" "You fool, a Canadian indian sleeps not at all, when dealing with snakes". However, your words are foolish, I came for the fulfilment of your promise, give me the address in full of Miss Gascoigne and Freemantle, your confederate in deviltry.

Now this girl of only twenty summers, lovely, graceful, refined, tho' an indian, a tender fawn confronting, the strongest man, physically, in Cairo, twice her age too, a degenerate of the vilest, type who could, so to speak, smile while he cut his mother's throat. Fiesel was mentally clever, a quick wit, intuition, cunning which had enabled him to rule, with an iron rod, his dupes whom he had taught and trained in crime. There they were, this ill matched pair, keeping an appointment, the result of which would wreck, or restore to happiness, the lives of at least half a dozen charming, and high placed, personages. Truly it was a tragic and fearful responsibility, that fate had chosen, in the person of this charming

girl, to confront a "Mephistophales".

Then Fiesel broke the silence. "I have changed my mind and don't intend to give you any address and don't care a damn for the Sirdar and neither for you or your friends". KoKeKee showed her surprise for she had not counted on this scoundrel's resourcefulness, or audacity. A long silence while she considered to treat these words as "bluff." To Fiesel's amazement KoKeKee broke out into youthful and melodious laughter and the longer it continued the greater rose his gorge. At last he jumped up and turned for his weapons when quickly, but steadily, she covered her antagonist with her colt, calling sharply, stop, hands up: Fiesel obeyed, and cowering returned to his seat. "Coward", the girl cried, "you are a dough pudding garnished with bluff". Fiesel replied, "all the same you shall not get the address." KoKeKee, I am sorry but what about the pills and your confession which I handed, sealed, to the Sirdar, truly you are a child a papoose. However, you have decided but you have helped me and I give you one more chance, your pardon from the Sirdar and 500 pounds in British gold from me, the latter or hanging which do you prefer? He hesitated and then said "no"!

Then open the door and good night, but

Fiesel never stirred until KoKeKee pulled the trigger, just grazing the former's head, he fell backwards and simultaneously, Karonwee burst in through the door with his "browning" in his hand. Cover this beast, said his fiancée, while I search him, Fiesel was so surprised, at these lightning actions, that he submitted like a lamb. KoKeKee found the address and a memo book, or diary, filled with valuable information, relating to his intimacy with Freemantle, the itemized doings of his dupes, all of which was in Arabic characters well understood by KoKeKee.

Now listen Fiesel for this is final, "you will now get no gold, and tomorrow afternoon at 4 the boat leaves the dock for Sicily. I have already taken a berth for you and you will go straight on board where I shall be waiting. The Sirdar's agents are now watching you and if you try any tricks dog! you will be promptly arrested. Silence, then, "I shall have to go, you are a lovely devil and a witch". KoKeKee smiled, "yes a match for poor you".

Now Karonwee, pick up this blackguard's weapons, open the door and then for "Shepherds", the dawn is breaking; In the meantime Fiesel sat motionless, while the logs in the hearth crackled, thinking how he could

outwit this wonderfully courageous girl but, growing weary he said aloud. "No, go Fiesel, you have been fooled and outwitted by the brainest girl you have ever met, but I'm not ashamed for "Allah" made her a witch, and a devil for my express discomfiture.



CHAPTER 18

On arriving at the hotel KoKeKee wrote a brief note to Colonel Gascoigne and told "Casai," her Arab servant, to deliver it, personally, to the former in the morning at 6.30. She briefly informed the Colonel that she, and Karonwee, were leaving at 4 o'clock the same day, by boat for Sicily direct and to meet her, with his mother and Sir Arthur Antrobus, at their usual meeting place on the Veranda at 8 o'clock when perfect quiet would be assured.

The appointed hour was promptly kept. KoKeKee and Karonwee were awaiting the others, who appeared almost simultaneously, Mrs. Gascoigne pale and nervous, her son resolute but looking worried, Sir Arthur composed but puzzled. The two latter never took the slightest notice of each other, until Kokekee said quietly, we must have harmony and unity on this momentous occasion, therefore, my Colonel, you must try and smile at my friend Sir Arthur. So naively and quietly was this said that everybody laughed and the two bowed formally. KoKeKee simply said, "Karonwee and I are leav-

ing together and we have succeeded in procuring our beloved's whereabouts though not, excepting by facing the gravest dangers and being compelled to associate with the most awful degenerates. Then, taking out a roll of deer skin, sealed, she handed it to the Colonel saying, this contains Lolotkee's address, and all particulars, which I unearthed the past year with great difficulty. The memo and diary are most important for they contain the notorious leaders (Fiesel) relations with the rebels whom he dominates, and their names and addresses in full.

There is all the evidence to condemn them of being rebels, but also of serving the main arteries, through which the sleeping sickness poison flowed, to the soldiers of our beloved Queen. Here are the keys of my bedroom, and a chest of drawers, in which you will find a number of bottles of medicine, labelled in Professor Freemantle's handwriting, accompanied by copious memoranda, etc, these I do not hesitate to say I stole, but for a good cause. Take good care of them till the day of trial arrives, it is near.

During all this time only KoKeKee's quiet melodious voice like a bow drawn athwart a Stradivarius, not a single interrup-

tion. That is all, sighed the maiden, excepting that Karonwee goes with me everywhere. If, and when, I'm successful I shall cable, my Colonel, but if we are not, you will never hear of Karonwee and me, look, and taking a little bottle, of the liquid Virus of the rattle snake, from her pocket, she smiled saying the poison of our prairie rattler, Colonel, will quickly make us forget our beautiful and beloved "Morning Star", and Karonwee and I decided at once, better death than life without her. But, my Colonel, I nearly forgot giving you Karonwee's, and my own bank pass books, with all cheques which we drew. Then quietly, and with infinite grace, KoKeKee threw her arms about Mrs. Gascoigne and kissed her the former, too over come to utter a word, then also kissed the Colonel good-bye on both cheeks, then drawing Sir Arthur aside, "be of good cheer I shall find her for you", tripped away saying: "As there are spies about no one must see us off, for even Karonwee and I go separately and alone."

When this brave girl was gone, the Colonel said, with tears in his eyes, "Oh! God what a girl, an angel sent by Thee, in our hour of dreadful anguish".

Probably no more picturesque group, than that described, had ever gathered on

Shepherds' famous verandah, therefore it may be interesting to the reader to describe its appearance. Mrs. Gascoigne was gowned in an Irish poplin and purple dots, a favorite material of hers, it fitted her splendid and majestic figure like a glove. Light gray suede shoes and silk stockings to match. From belt of light mauve silk, hung an old fashioned black-silken fob, attached to which was a large gold seal, the Gascoigne Coat of Arms, cut into a splendid emerald. No other ornaments adorned this stately woman. The Colonel could not for a moment be mistaken, for his mother's son and no wonder the latter gazed with pride and admiration on the tall and handsome figure, who stood beside her. He was in a Commissioner's uniform of the Royal North West Constabulary (Canada) and many decorations crossed his left breast, in two rows. He had been an honorary Aide-de-Camp of the Khedive as well as of the Sirdar.

Sir Arthur Antrobus was dressed in a white duck suit, made by Poole, London, and wore the usual white linen helmet. He was about as tall as Colonel Gascoigne, dark skin and hair, Grecian nose, and square chin. Nevertheless he had the slight stoop and a something that denoted the scholar,

rather than the soldier. His face and hands were now well browned by the desert sun.

KoKeKee and Karonwee had new indian suits on, wonderfully worked in porcupine and beads. They were a unique and extraordinarily handsome couple and stood as if they were competing for a world's prize. It may be truly said that Canada had never been as well represented in pure physical womanhood and manhood. They each had on an exceptional ornament to their regular attire, a beautiful plume of the "golden eagle of the Rockies", it denoted royal blood and as both these young indians possessed it, and were going on the war path, the traditions of their great nation must and would, be adhered to.



CHAPTER 19

After the recent departure, mother and son were seated together on the verandah, after dinner partaking of coffee, when an upstanding young man approached Mrs. Gascoigne, and to her dismay, she recognized Edward, Prince of Wales who even since they had met at the horse-show, had corresponded. He had taken a great fancy to her grand daughter and expressed his astonishment, and sympathy, ever since she had disappeared, not only that but had commanded the Secretary of Foreign Affairs to give all the weight of his power to unravelling the mystery. Here then was this very kind Prince coming all the way to Cairo, to offer his help. Amazed when recognizing the latter, both mother and son arose, and asked their Royal caller, to join in a cigarette and coffee, to which he complied.

You will know, he said, that I have just registered incognito, simply as Mr. Edward Windsor, as I don't wish to be recognized, few people are here, only one or two know me, the Khedive and the Sirdar but they must keep it dark. Now do tell me Colonel

all about what is being done in the search for your lovely daughter. The Colonel recapitulated all he could think of and the Prince was more than astonished, at the story of so youthful a maid as KoKeKee, being allowed to take such risks but, when matters were explained, the Prince was satisfied that the Colonel had submitted to the clever plan of this extraordinary and courageous girl.

Just then a cablegram was handed the Colonel by the Sirdar's Aide-de-Camp, which the Colonel read aloud : "Please report, soon as possible, in person, to Premier, Ottawa, thence go direct to North West, trouble threatening". Colonel Gascoigne explained that he must go by boat leaving Cairo, in two days. The Khedive and Sirdar, called in the former's Victoria and pair of Arab horses, and twelve superbly mounted men of his own body guard and took Mr. Windsor, Mrs. and Colonel Gascoigne, for a long and pleasant drive, for it was a very beautiful day. Mr. Windsor, responded by dining the Khedive and Mrs. Gascoigne (for the Colonel had already gone) in Shepherds' best style, and in Mr. Windsor's private suite, it was a quiet but very pleasant function and Mr. Windsor a perfect host. Every day the Khedive sent his Victoria, and a body guard, for Mrs. Gascoigne and Mr. Wind-

sor, the former insisting on Sir Arthur Antrobus' taking her sons place in the carriage.

Mr. Windsor found Sir Arthur a very interesting man, took a great fancy to him and the latter showed to and explained, the famous pills and antitoxin which Sir Arthur and Pasteur had discovered together. Mr. Windsor intimated that he intended remaining at Shepherds for at least, a few weeks and Mrs. Gascoigne expressed her delight, which pleased the former for, she said, I am very lonely indeed.

The scene changes to the ship steaming towards Sicily. As soon as KoKeKee had arranged her belongings in her state-room, and Karonwee his, the former said, "Come with me to see Fiesel whom they found on the bed. Karonwee sat beside him, KoKeKee standing with her back to the door. Feisel was in an amorous mood and gazed at the latter, as if her beauty mesmerized him, an no wonder, for her eyes shone like stars and her cheeks resembled a prairie rose. He had begun, what to him, sounded very fine, he felt something hard pressing against his ribs, followed by the words, enough you dog. KoKeKee, looking her sweetest, said: see, my prairie dog and my lover, is jealous of the big pig.

you had best be quiet or else feel the Black-foot knife through your vile heart.

Fiesel glanced malignantly at Karonwee and let his eyes roam the length of his person and no doubt, came to the conclusion that he had better let discretion take the part of valor. KoKeKee swiftly turned to Karonwee saying, search that Egyptian jackal and take away anything dangerous you find, open his grips for papers which may be useful to us. Fiesel jumped to his feet saying: "Don't call me vile names," but Karonwee smacked him hard and sent him backwards over the bed. Now, "jackal" said KoKeKee, I have all your papers, you are at my mercy, but understand; the Captain has two armed sailors, one at this door, and the other at your window, and you are, as the latter say, "battered down". If, however, you are able to overcome your "gaolers" pray do so, but be sure to jump overboard, and perish, for you are not worth a pail of garbage. Thirty-six hours later the boat landed at Palermo and the maiden and the two men followed. KoKeKee, referring to her memoranda, ordered the cabby to drive to the "Conca d'or Hotel", a very expensive hostelry and one which only rich people patronized. The chief of Italian police had engaged rooms for KoKeKee, Karonwee and the man servant named Khedi, Arab. This information had

been cabled to Italy, in code, by Martin, the French detective, hitherto mentioned. So all was ready, the curtain only had to be rung up.

KoKeKee having, by this time, scrutinized her own suite and Karonwee's comfortable room next door, and asked to be shown the suite of Mr. Rothschild and his daughter. The bellboy stepped only a few feet away and stopped at room 311 and said: "this is the sick young Seignorina's, 312 is the large private salon, 312½ the waiting room and 313 the Seignoria's". They take their meals privately in 312, they are very rich, and we call them "Excellencies". KoKeKee smiled and gave this garrulous boy 25 liras and he was her sworn friend for life. She had many interviews with the hotel proprietor, and manager, and he was instructed to say nothing but if asked merely to reply, off hand, that the two young indians belonged to a circus and were having a holiday.

The Chief of Police took KoKeKee, and Karonwee, to a long bungalow near "Monreale", far up the valley of the "Conca d'or Valley", lined on both sides with the famous orchards, renowned the world over, for their even more noted lemons. Monreale is famed also for its famous Chapel, perhaps the most beautiful in the world, with its Byzantine mosaictiling of gold leaf and glass. The bun-

galow, in question, stood in a deep depression of the hills, a most lonely spot. Its owner, a hermit had recently died and his niece was willing to rent it furnished the contents were solid but crude and clean. It had one long low living room, one window at each end, two each front and back. The windows and door were shuttered and barred, with oak bars and it would likely stand a siege. The cellar was large, high and dry. There were four bed-rooms, good size and comfortably furnished. The house was enclosed, on all sides, by a picket fence and there were no houses, or buildings within a radius of half a mile. KoKeKee paid the rent in advance, in gold, and just double the amount asked. The lessor, of course, thought the beautiful Indian maiden a "millionairess" for, she told KoKeKee, even the rich "Americanos" were not half so generous. The former smiled sweetly, a smile no one, man or woman, could resist, the bargain sealed and the gold paid in advance. Next day Fiesel was installed with the simple explanation that KoKeKee had only one more use for him, after which he could either return alone to Cairo or vanish into thin air, whichever he considered the best for his health.

KoKeKee said this laughing with sparkling eyes and rapid movements about the

room; for has she not traced her "beloved" and tomorrow, bar accidents, they would meet for the first time in years, but had some other subject been found, a substitute, and the real one dead? If not, in what mental or physical condition would she be on the morrow, when the two beautiful girls met. For KoKeKee had known, for months, that her beloved sister had been hourly under the influence of drugs, administered by Freemantle. The morrow came and at nine a.m. Karonwee had driven Fiesel, bag and baggage, to the house in "Monreale" where as KoKeKee had ordered, he should be given the strongest bedroom, in the rear, then Karonwee would lock him in and sit in a chair all night, his face to the door. Karonwee had purchased a strong flexible rope, two large hooks and two rings of iron, besides other articles of utility, which were, shortly, to play a truly tragic part in the history of these interesting characters..... The curtain was slowly rising for the 2nd act. KoKeKee had laid her plans faultlessly, but well she knew, that "the best laid plans gang aft alee." So far, the most important was actually transpiring in her hotel. A taxi was waiting at the back door, and a little man at the wheel, disguised, Monsieur Martin, our French detective, and a powerful young

man, also disguised, a detective, of the Italian Criminal Dep., stood in uniform at the door.

It had all been previously arranged, for silence was the Keystone of the edifice, and the manager of the hotel had just sent a bellboy to tell Freemantle that his most intimate friend, a Dr. Anderson, who had attended him, was waiting in his car, requested that he go down and speak to him. He followed the bellboy, as requested, and walked over to the car, the chauffeur saying: "Oh! the Doctor told me to ask you to step in, Sir, and wait a minute for him, here is a book he wants you to look over." The Doctor, unsuspectingly, stepped in, was followed and thrown back by a pair of steel arms, a damp cloth was thrown over his face, the car jumped forward and vanished, not a whisper. But in one of the back room windows, behind the curtain, stood KoKeKee who, when she witnessed this scene, jumped and danced about the room, shouted and sang at the top of her voice. It was the outpouring, after a year of confinement, of strong youthful emotion and, as the escape-valve had always been oiled on her beloved prairies, she had for the moment forgotten 'till the wild eyed Manager entered and asked if she were ill, indeed he verily believed for a min-

nte that the girl had gone violently insane but, at last, KoKeKee told him that she fondly loved him and would recommend his palatial hotel, far and wide, which more than satisfied this Italian Adonis. In two hours KoKeKee followed Martin in a taxi and, entering the house, learned that Freemantle would not be well enough to sit up and converse and that she had better go back to the hotel and return at the appointed hour. In the meantime KoKeKee told Karonwee, carefully what he had to do. The former returned at 9 o'clock sharp when she found out from Karonwee that Freemantle had just recovered.

KoKeKee sent word to Freemantle that a lady wished to speak to him and, being admitted, the latter showed extreme surprise to see a lovely indian girl, beautifully dressed in full white doe-skin costume and smilingly saying: "Professor Freemantle, I presume?" Yes, he replied, and unless I'm mistaken you are KoKeKee of whom I've often heard Miss Gascoigne speak, to which the girl replied: "You are quite correct" and may I ask you, as her physician and, as I know you have treated her professionally, for over three years, what mysterious complaint has she been, and is, suffering from?

Surprised by these searching interrogatories, from a mere indian maid, whom he

had erroneously thought ignorant and inexperienced, he scrutinized her sharply for what seemed to the girl an intolerable time, and at last replied: "There is no mystery about the affliction whatever. You surprise me, said KoKeKee, for, if I'm correctly informed, you have, continuously, from your first meeting in Harley Street, administered regularly to Miss Gascoigne small yellow pills, the bases of which are a newly discovered drug, compounded in mercury. Amazement now showed in Freemantle's face and he stammered. "Who told you this absurdity"?

KoKeKee answered by unplaiting one of the long braids of her hair, handing the professor a small glass vial, of half a dozen of the famous pills, to which hung a tab bearing the name, in his own handwriting, "Gascoigne", "this is how I know".

May I ask where you got this? "Why certainly, in your room at Shepherds. Then you are, besides being a vulgar little beast, a thief? I'm not the former, but yes, the latter, when tracking, step by step, a vulgar poisoner. It bit into Freemantle for he paled, even to the lips, and ground his teeth with impotent passion. Now "girl", I give you just a minute to get out do you hear! Oh! indeed I do, but I do not heed, and tak-

ing from her belt the "Colt", she glared at him Vis-a-vis and laid it across her knees saying; now sit you in that chair while I show my skill then, taking a sovereign from her purse and placing it in a slitted card, stood it on the back of a chair and, stepping 15 paces, firing quickly from the hip, the coin flew against the wall. Now professor, that is only one of my many accomplishments. taught princesses, of the Blackfeet nation, of which I am chief. You certainly are expert with indian weapons and, may I ask, if you also carry a scalping knife". Promptly Ko-KeKee produced the dreadful blade and held it up, and at arm's length. Consternation and, uneasiness, touched with fear, spread over Freemantle's countenance. "Now to business, Sir, of course you have no doubt recognized, by now, that the head of this group is Colonel Gascoigne, as well as the Sirdar, but understand that I, alone, am the agent employed not only to hunt you down but to punish you physically. This house is surrounded by the Italian police, my companion or Blackfoot, who is also a young Chief-tan, lives in this house, stands in the passage by day, and lies there on the floor at night. He is an athlete and is always armed but, believe me, he could tear you to pieces with his naked hands, and would like no better job."

CHAPTER 20

Your friend, and fellow conspirator Fiesel, to whom you gave the "sleeping sickness pills", for distribution to the British soldiers in Egypt, had the weakness and misfortune to fall in love with poor little me and, for the past year, he has been tethered to my belt by thongs stronger than steel which are, as you well know, being an amorous man, are far more binding. Thisquandam friend of yours, this skunk of skunks Fiesel has divulged all your secrets and villanies and this conclusive evidence is all in the hands of the Sirdar, awaiting the results of my report to him and Colonel Gascoigne. This is all until I have completed my plans. In the meantime pray, I implore you, to the Great Spirit to fortify you for your coming awful punishment.

Then calling Karonwee, her fiancée asked him if Fiesel was tied up and guarded, bade the former good-bye saying: I will take some time to make preparations, and have yet to see my beloved Loloteke, until we meet again, guard these two skunks as you would the Evil Spirit and if you let one, or

other, escape the only thing left for you to do, as a Prince of the Blackfeet, is to shoot yourself. Karonwee scowled at the indignities showered upon him, said nothing but placing a small piece of paper on the wall, and stepping fifteen paces back, fired his Browning, the bullet piercing it in the centre, then handing the paper to Kokekee said, thus do I treat those who try to escape me. The former smiled, touched his eagle's feather lightly and replied saying: "pardon I forgot, a Blackfoot never sleeps."

KoKeKee was now back at the "Conca d'oro" finalizing her preparations but, coming to a rapid conclusion, summoned the Arab servant and handing a note, addressed to Miss Gascoigne, instructed him to hand it to her maid.

She had written it briefly, in the Blackfoot dialect and, asked for an immediate interview. KoKeKee ran up to the door, tense with emotion and excitement, for the two girls had not met for five long years. She was at once admitted but not seeing Lolo-tekee in the drawing room, skipped to the door adjoining and stopped, still as a statue. The former had just arisen and was sitting on the edge of the bed, and had just put on her pink kimona, the beautiful head of hair billowed over her neck and shoulders, and

her small bare feet peeped beneath the hem of her gown. KoKeKee was so silent that Lolotekee never heard her but, suddenly raising her eyes, her figure straightened, as a spring, and like her visitor became as fixed and silent. A second, then five, and they flew into each others arms, the latter embracing tighter and tighter, tears falling unhidden from the lovely eyes. Only a Canova could, with his chisel, do justice to such a scene and, indeed, perhaps not even he.

KoKeKee assisted her companion to dress and then took seats on the verandah where breakfast was brought by the maid. There of course, the history of the long, long 5 years was recounted by each. The visitor then for the first time learnt that Freemantle was desperately in love with Miss Gascoigne, but knowing that it could never be returned was too selfish, and not man enough, to give her up and decided to practically kidnap the victim.

She related how, from the very first day of her going to Freemantle's house, in Harley Street, she had been under the influence of the drug, as well as the fatal effect of the professor's hypnotic power. I am, and have been ever since, in such a languid condition that a mist appears before my eyes and I take no interest in any one or anything. You

have been here a week now KoKeKee and, on the second morning after your arrival, I became for the first time suspicious of Freemantle, whom I have always disliked, and I told my Italian maid to throw the medicines away but, on no account, to let it be known.

The maid has religiously done so for she simply loathes the professor. Since that day I have rapidly recovered, my sight is much better, I feel somewhat like my former self, which has confirmed my belief that Freemantle is a scoundrel. KoKeKee drew attention to the droop of the left eye-lid, which she felt tenderly with her small, soft fingers.

The physician of the hotel, Doctor Frascatti, was announced and Miss Gascoigne, looking surprised, was introduced by KoKeKee, who told the former that she had been audacious enough to call in this doctor, but that she was authorized by Colonel Gascoigne, who had given her a free hand. "And, now, doctor, please make a careful, examination of your new patient, dine with me at eight, when you will be good enough to give me your verbal report."

I think, KoKeKee said, that I will come tonight and take Freemantle's room and then I shall be able to personally care for you, besides we have very important matters

to discuss. Oh! yes, do, my darling, I was just going to propose it when Doctor Frascatti entered.

KoKeKee then arose and bade them adieu. The doctor appeared on time and the Maitre d'hotel escorted them to a table, which KoKeKee had decorated with roses and smilax. She ordered Frascatti and Chianti wines, the former for the Doctor who, smilingly said: "I must patronize my own forbear's name and it may interest you, my dear friend, to know that we come from a very ancient and noble family.

KoKeKee then presented her guest with a very pretty "buttonhole" of carnations and maiden hair fern. Then ordering the waiter to bring coffee, liqueur and cigars, they retired to the gallery, overlooking the Conca d'oro Valley, and the sea, in the far distance.

Conversation opened on trivial subjects when Dr. Frascatti becoming serious, and in a low and deep voice said, suddenly, what a beautiful young woman Miss Gascoigne is, the loveliest creature I ever beheld even, compared with Italian beauties, she is their peer. And what culture and refinement too. Indeed, Doctor, she is all that you say and far more, her character is even superior to her beauty.

Well, my dear child, as you directed me, I made an exhaustive diagnosis of your friend's condition. I find her pulse far from normal, it registered 5 degrees above the latter viz., 25. The blood pressure is 10 degrees too high, the respiration quite strained but, the heart strange to relate is not affected. Her weight, when I put her on the scales in Freemantle's room, is 10 to 15 pounds too light. The droop of the left eye lid, and the dimness, which Miss Gascoigne suffers from is, and has been, occasioned by a subtle poison, the composition of which I have not analyzed. But, be of good cheer your friend has been saved, though just in the nick of time. She will require care, plenty of sleep, and regular exercise in the open, youth will do the rest.

But may I enquire, if not too inquisitive, what kind of a man this Freemantle can be for, in my opinion, this treatment by a medical man is punishable in Italy by a sentence of solitary confinement, for many years, and the deprivation of all civil rights, in fact, a convict's sentence. Yes, Doctor, I know all that and, I tell you, in secret, that Freemantle is already in confinement and, very soon, will be deported to England to receive trial and sentence. They returned to the lounge and KoKeKee handed to her guest a

small vial saying, here are Freemantle's pills, when you analyze them please give me your views. She then despatched Casai, her Arab boy, to the cable office, with a message for Colonel Gascoigne reading, "Your daughter found and well, am living with her, Fiesel and Freemantle prisoners, Lolo-tekee sends fond love, am writing". The curtain falls, for a time, on the Concha d'oro Valley and if we stepped onto the verandah of Shepherds, Cairo, on the afternoon of a bright and, comparatively, cool day, one could have seen the Khedive, the Sirdar and Colonel Gascoigne grouped around a small table, supping coffee, Creme de Minthe and enjoying the Colonel's strong cigars.

They were discussing the remarkable disappearance of Fiesel and the apparent, disbandment of his gang of rebels, nevertheless the Khedive expressed the opinion that it meant only "quiet before the storm", nevertheless the wonderful work of Sir Arthur Antrobus had reinstated all but about twenty men, to their regiments and that was more than half the battle. When these distinguished men were about to depart, MacKenzie advanced and handed the Colonel an orange envelope so well known to cover only cablegrams. He opened it timorously, jumped to his feet and explained aloud: "At last, my

God, I thank thee", his guests looked at him in astonishment, for the Colonel was never known to show excitement, even when confronted by danger. The Sirdar took the cable and said, no wonder you are agitated, and passing the paper to the Khedive they both exclaimed simultaneously, "Oh! how glad I am, my God, how glad."

The Khedive a loyal and most fascinating man said, Sirdar, we must give a military dinner at once, to celebrate the occasion, and invite Gascoigne and Antrobus as our guests to mark the recovery of the Colonel's daughter and the capture of the scamps, responsible for the poisoning of the troops. But I must now cable to the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs the news, as well as to Prince Edward, who has been so untiring, in assisting us in the matter. The three friends then separated but met at breakfast together, when they received answers to the despatches. They expressed their delight, and hearty congratulations, for the valuable services to the Empire as well as to felicitate the Colonel on the splendid news regarding his daughter. That same day Colonel Gascoigne received instructions, again from Ottawa to proceed to the North West as, this time, there was no doubt grave trou-

ble threatened. Two days after, the Colonel was escorted to the dock by his trusty friends, the Khedive and Sirdar. The dinner had to be indefinitely postponed much to the disgust of all concerned.

The Sirdar, and Colonel Gascoigne, concocted a cable to KoKeKee before the latter departed asking if she wanted assistance of any kind, telling of the imperative necessity of the Colonel's departure and instructing her to send all messages, until further advised to the Sirdar. Before the Colonel left, the Sirdar fortunately received a reply, from KoKeKee, to the effect that Miss Gascoigne could not possibly travel for a month, that the Doctor spoke well of her daily and improving condition, that the two prisoners were safe and guarded by Karonwee, Martin the French detective and a posse of 30 men. KoKeKee said she had ample funds for all purposes, in the local bank, sent Miss Gascoigne's love and her own, to the Sirdar, with their united and kind regards to Sir A. Antrobus.

"Ha! exclaimed the Sirdar, to the Colonel, thus this little indian beauty sends a despatch worthy of my Chief of Staff. The day after these events the Colonel left happier but feeling very anxious.

Mrs. Gascoigne, who had long since re-

turned to Shagford, where she received her son's wonderful news regarding his daughter, to whom she had immediately cabled, and wrote a most loving letter, as well as one to KoKeKee.

The latter had not informed Lolotekee about Fiesel or Freemantle, for she was not well enough to bear unpleasant news, she was merely told that both friends were in gaol and to put them out of her mind, for she would never encounter them again. KoKeKee had frequently visited her fiancée and he was equal, in every respect, to the situation, watching his prisoners like a human tom-cat. KoKeKee had, by this time, finalized her arrangements "to the last button" as the soldiers say.

It was eleven o'clock, the lightening flashed, the thunder echoed by, and the rain came down in torrents. KoKeKee said to Karon-wee, who was sitting close by and in the formers room, "the Great Spirit is waiting his revenge, through us, on these tow wolves, so bring them to the appointed place. In he meantime KoKeKee went there, lighted the room, pulled the blinds down and seated herself, her "Colt" across her knee. In a few minutes the two men appeared, Freemantle, especially as pale as death. KoKeKee without raising her eyes,

but watching their feet said: "You, Karonwee, attend Freemantle while I will look after the other, and obey my instructions swiftly and implicitly, mind. Then, to Fiesel and Karonwee, seize Freemantle, one on each side, and hoist him up as I showed you. They tied his wrists securely, with the ropes, suspended by pulleys from the oaken beam of the ceiling, and hoisted him up, so that his feet were only a few inches from the floor. His ankles were manacled in the same way as the wrists, and tied to rings in the oaken floor. Fairweather had previously stripped naked to the waist and so had Fiesel. Bowls of water, thermometers, various other instruments and towels, were laid on tables at convenient distances. KoKeKee said to Freemantle, but without raising her eyes: "You know, of course, why you are going to be thrashed and I thought it as well to get the man, whom you trusted, but whom you now know to be a Judas, to flog you. Not for your crime, against the soldiers of our good Queen, but solely for your hideous cruelty, for three long years, to a lovely and virtuous maiden. For the former crime you will meet your desserts at the hands of the "British Government". I have been looking forward, every hour for 365 days for this, to me, very pleasant entertainment.

CHAPTER 21

All this time Freemantle had not omitted a whisper. Allowing time for her words to sink in the girl turned and taking from the back of her chair, to which it hung, she handed a "cat and nine tails", the latter consisting of knotted cat gut attached to a handle, a foot long, covered with rubber to keep the hand from slipping. A brutal, horrible weapon, formerly used in the awful prisons of the Sudan. Now Fiesel, said the girl, get to work and not till the perspiration pours from your face and body, are you to stop for a moment. Look, you see this pistol, if I see you pause, even for breath, you are a dead man. Then silence excepting the rain sweeping against the windows and the distant rumble of thunder.

Begin you dog, at which command the brutal giant commenced and continued until he staggered, dropping upon a chair exhausted. During this brutal scene Karon-wee sat without a whisper and instead of looking at Freemantle, gazed in amazement at KoKeKee. During the period of the thrashing KoKeKee, watch in hand

like a prison surgeon, walked around the suspended figure, got Karonwee to stand on a chair, feel the pulse and try the temperature. KoKeKee herself felt Freemantle's body after which she said, "there are only blue ridges, Fiesel is an infant, Karonwee, try what a Blackfoot can do". Karonwee's arm went up the "cat" hummed thro' the air and after five strokes blood streamed down. Not a whimper out of Freemantle, all this time. Apparently, what KoKeKee waited for was the victim to cry out when she would have stopped the butchery.

Then came a scene unparalleled and, jumping to her feet, tearing her skin jacket, moccasins and stockings off, she sprang forward, on her little bear feet, tore the "cat" form "Karonwee", exhibiting all the ferocity of her ancestors, and making the awful "cat" whistle through the air, struck and struck till Freemantle at last howled with anguish. KoKeKee throwing the cat down, springing forward in front of Freemantle shouted, "At last the poisoner and snake has fainted". Here you two cut him down, put him on the bed and rub salt well into the wounds. Freemantle was a powerful man and recovered quickly but, of course, was exhausted and in pain from the terrible

ordeal. KoKeKee left the latter to Karonwee and returned to the hotel where she found Miss Gascoigne cheerful and happy. The two girls never mentioned Freemantle, the name was taboo. In the mean time they only waited till the Doctor announced the invalid sufficiently strong to travel.

So that KoKeKee walked or drove, daily between the hotel and house in the Conca d'oro. At last one day she announced to Karonwee that they had better prepare Freemantle and get to work. They had timed the ordeal just as lunch was announced and the four sat down and, as may be imagined, was a silent one. Freemantle had eaten little but had finished one bottle of Chianti, and was half through a second when he became suddenly overcome by drowsiness and fell forward over the table. Fiesel looked sharply and suspiciously at KoKeKee and Karonwee, asking "what does this mean" but, neither, deigned an answer.

A short time after this the former directed her fiancée to place Freemantle on the table on his back, with a pillow under his head. Then drawing a smaller table up, placed upon it, a small saucer filled with a thin paste of India ink and gun powder, a pickle bottle cork filled with needles of

many sizes, sponge, towels and several bottles of listerine. Kokekee then said to Fiesel, "stand at the foot of the table and witness how the Blackfeet advertise beasts like you, and your chum here." Now Karonwee begin, the latter selecting a needle, dipped it into the solution, and commenced pricking the skin of his victim, glancing from time to time at a piece of paper held by KoKeKee. This was a very particular operation, in fact considered by the Blackfeet a religious ceremony. It took exactly two hours and a half for Karonwee to do his part when he and the girl, exchanged places.

All this time not a whisper broke the silence but the breathing of the four, about the table. KoKeKee then took up a finer needle, than any yet used, dipped it into a small bottle of brilliant red India ink and began her part, which took almost as long as that of Karonwee. Then the former poured the contents of the bottle of listerine on a folded linen cloth and placed it well over the professor's forehead. Karonwee then placed a small dry linen towel on this and fastened it securely, with adhesive plaster. Before covering the "tattooing" KoKeKee, motioning to Fiesel said: "Look at the "life mark" of a Judas and a coward, it is the insignia of the Blackfoot nation, beware

that you are not pricked in the same way."

Fiesel beheld the wonderfully executed work, representing a "rattler", which covered the whole forehead, low, across the brows, coiled and posed ready to strike, the scarlet rings, made by KoKeKee, making a striking contrast with the deep blue. The forked tongue was so life like that one could almost fancy it darting out and in. A truly horrible picture, but the execution of it was so life like that it took on a beauty of its own, a fascination. We have just witnessed the art of tattooing and one which originated in ages past but where history does not relate. Nearly all known peoples if not all, use it to this day, even our own military prisons. "D" for deserter and "T" for thief, serves the purpose of the "Bertil-lon" method, but with much less labor. The Dyaks of Borneo, the Tahitians, and the Maoris of New Zealand, are the most proficient, indeed with the latter it is a science and a highly artistic one. I once saw a Maori Chieftain tattooed from head to foot with the most ornate designs and the face, even the nose, appeared as if woven of the finest lace. Undoubtedly it is an art of gradual evolution from its own protoplasm, of countless decades. Probably from the Maoris sailors, all the world over, have learned

the art and the reader has, no doubt, seen many sailors beautifully tattooed especially on chest and forearm. Among our own indians the practice is not uncommon but is the particular business of the "medecine man", excepting Chiefs, princes and princesses of the various tribes, who custom dictates must be able to do all these things. Hence the reason why our friends and heroes, KoKeKee and Karonwee, were adepts.

Fiesel during the operation kept perfectly silent but his shifty furtive eyes took in everything, in fact he was contemplating how much longer he would have to wait before meeting the same fate as Freemantle. This condition of abject fear, for by this time he believed the indians "devils", swept his reason away and taking advantage of Karonwee's back being turned, picked up a heavy oaken chair, swung it with all his giants strength, and coming down, full on the head and back of his victim, felled him like an ox.

So silent, swift and unexpected was this desperate action that, just for a few seconds, KoKeKee was paralyzed, but before Fiesel could turn the formers dagger was plunged to the hilt in his back when, lurching over, he staggered and fell over Kar-

onwee. The latter she pulled from under Fiesel, gave him brandy and sponged his head and neck. Very soon he sat up dazed and pale, looking about he noticed Fiesel lying face downward on the floor, then raising his eyes to KoKeKee's face, questioningly, she quietly said, "this devil hit you. I killed him". Indian like, stoic, quiet, he looked upon it all as fate, predestination, the desire of the Blackfoot great spirit. But it was not the wish evidently, of the latter that even the "King of Snakes" should die, for the latter groaned but could not rise. The indians picked him up, tied his legs, put Martel's bracelets upon his wrists, threw him on the bed, poured some brandy in his mouth, shut and locked the door and left him. Then KoKeKee said, "We shall tatoo him also in a few days, then hand him over to Martin and eventually, to the Sirdar."



CHAPTER 22

In the meantime Miss Gascoigne, under the skill of Doctor Frascatti, was gaining every day, and was much cheered by the cables both from her father and grandmother, to which she promptly replied. Sir Arthur Antrobus also wrote, occasionally, and his delightful letters cheered the girl, for they contained all the society news and gossip of Cairo, in which, he knew, every girl, young and elderly, delights.

KoKeKee never breathed a word about the strenuous days and nights she was having, nor did Miss Gascoigne know the whereabouts of her abductor, or that Fiesel was a prisoner in charge of Karonwee, all these circumstances she would not learn for many a day. From the time of Freemantle's leaving, Miss Gascoigne had informed Mr. MacKenzie, that she would take over her suite and pay for it weekly, for her father had opened an account for his daughter, at the Anglo Italian Bank, a branch of which was in Palermo.

KoKeKee had taken the keys of the desk and cupboards in his room, from Free-

mantle, and was gradually reading an amazing correspondence, relating to dealings with the Egyptian rebels and Miss Gascoigne, as well as letters (or copies) to and from, savants all over Europe, dealing principally with poisons and their source, mesmerism, hypnotism, etc., etc.

KoKeKee discovered volumes on the lines of Franz Anton Mesmer, (the author of mesmerism) 1733 to 1815 of Van Swieten, De Haven, the Marquis de Puysegur, Dr John Elliotson, and many other mesmerists, hypnotists and magnetists, showing that Freemanie made a deep study, and business of these comparatively little known and mysterious sciences. KoKeKee also found a large secret compartment, behind a sliding panel of the study, in which on shelves stood tiny, blue glass vials of almost every known poison, besides many unknown. The labels bore the dates, whether vegetable, mineral or animal, their use, action, strength, ways and means of administration, sudden or prolonged death, symptoms, etc. These labels were executed in Pitman's shorthand and were later translated in London. For what reasons, these rare, and expensive poisons were used, had yet to be revealed.

KoKeKee also found a large bottle of the

famous pills labelled, "Samples used by the soldiers and Miss Gascoigne", in short hand. In fact a chain of incriminating, evidence against Freemantle, without a missing link. Not a soul, as yet, knew anything about these extraordinary and unbelievable revelations but our young indian friend. Later they were to be a startling epitome of fiendish crime, and skill, not only in the British Isles but throughout the civilized world as well, for it will be remembered that Freemantle was an international scientist of renown, notwithstanding his abhorrence of society and sociability in general.

KoKeKee, three weeks after her last momentous call, found that both prisoners had recovered but they became so threatening that Karonwee had to, practically, keep them covered by his "Browning", all the time. On KoKeKee arriving she told Karonwee that he was to fetch Fiesel, hold him down while she gave him a hypodermic injection of chloroform.

He duly brought the prisoner into the living room, shackled hands and feet, placed him, at the point of his "Browning", in a chair while KoKeKee came up behind and gave him an injection on the back of his neck. He struggled, swore like a trooper.

and tried to rise but Karonwee poked the point of his revolver against his stomach. Nothing more was necessary. The prisoner fell gradually into unconsciousness and was laid on the table, a similar operation to that of Freemantle's, and treated in exactly the same way. In a week Martin, the French detective, called in a conveyance, and an Italian detective, as driver, and our "Egyptian poisoner" was driven to the ship in due time, to arrive in Cairo, where the prisoner would be handed to the Sirdar for eventual transmission to the British Government.

The scene now shifts nearly 4000 miles West ward, to Canada, to the verandah of Lone Wolf Lodge. It is a summer's evening, 9 o'clock but Colonel Gascoigne is able to read, distinctly, without artificial light, letters just received from his mother, daughter and the Sirdar. They were long and filled with cheerful news which, conveyed to his face, an expression of happiness and deep thankfulness.

A party of three awaited the Colonel's reading of his mail, Chief Crow Foot, Mahatawa Cree Chief and Archie MacDonald, Chief Factor, Hudson's Bay Co., Fort Qu'Appelle. They had been discussing for hours the serious situation throughout the

Canadian North West. Runners sent by Riel, from his headquarters at Helena, Montana, had for months been going, and coming throughout the length and breadth of the land, and practically, the only Indians who could be relied upon were the Blackfeet and the Crees, the latter were poor and not natural born warriors, as the former.

The N. W. M. Police were at full strength, splendidly horsed and equipped and, so far, had maintained perfect order.

How many fighting bucks can you chiefs, in case of trouble give us, asked the Colonel. Chief Blackfoot replied: "8000 bucks, same number of mounts and Winchesters". And I, said Chief Mahatawee, 3500 bucks, mustangs and rifles. You surprise me, said the Colonel, a formidable force added to 2000 of the police or 13,500 in all. Yes, yes, Colonel added Blackfoot but with all the other indian tribes and breeds against us, what do you say?

Of course, you must remember the Volunteers of Manitoba, and the whole of Canada if necessary, would be sent in case of necessity. Yes, replied Mahatawee but the eastern troops would be obliged to march from the head of the great lakes to Regina, 356 miles west of Winnipeg. And then

Crowfoot said, the rails already laid, would be carried away and from all quarters the breeds and rebels could strike absolute terror, into the hearts of the settlers, by setting fire to the villages, scalping right and left, and carrying away the women. A truly horrible picture, said Archie Macdonald but one of the most important factors, you have not mentioned viz., "supplies", there are none west of Manitoba, excepting daily necessities, the whole country is existing from hand to mouth. Well exclaimed the Colonel, Archie, I am ordered to go to Ottawa at once and confer with Sir John Macdonald, and you had better accompany me. You would be a valued ally. All right when you decide wire me and I shall join you at Qu'Appelle Station. The four men, destined to play tragic parts in the history of Western Canada, then said good night and parted.

In a week from the meeting the Colonel left "the Lodge" in a buckboard, harnessed to two of his famous, 17 hand, bronchos and tethered to the conveyance two other bronchos to serve as relays for the journey, over the old Qu'Appelle trail, it was at least 325 miles to Fort Garry. Picking up Archie Macdonald, they arrived at the latter place. four days later, averaging 75 miles per


diem, without the bronchos turning a hair. The two friends boarded the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway train, and without any noteworthy event, landed in Ottawa, via Chicago and Toronto. On being announced to the Premier, they were issued to his presence by his nephew, a handsome young man of the same name. Sir John A., much to the surprise of Colonel Gascoigne, was conversing with Colonel Irvine, Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, headquarters, Regina. Sir John, as usual, began by cracking jokes and said: "Gascoigne I expected you to bring me Riel's head on a pike pole, as our forefathers did to all rebels, it would have saved us a lot of trouble, to say nothing of expense."

At this moment the famous French Canadian Statesman, and associate of Sir John A's, was announced, Sir George Etienne Cartier. The former introduced Sir George to the three men and Sir John A., said: "I wish you to remain, give us the advantage of your advice if, aside and, laughing, you can understand the Queen's english. Dont be so cockshure, Sir John, I understand English but not nearly as completely as Cartier knows Macdonald. I had no idea you knew me so well, next Sunday morning

I shall accompany you to early mass and, oh Lord! George, how our friends the "Grits" will howl. Thus spoke, and acted, the man who Confederated the widely separated provinces of Canada and became the father of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Three meetings followed, and a private but very quiet dinner at his residence, when Sir John informed his guests, that in the event of trouble, the weight of the Country would be at the disposal of the West and that his friend, Sir George, Minister of Militia, would flood the Territories with thousands of trained troops. Thus bucked up and assured, the guests departed, Colonel Irvine joining Gascoigne and Macdonald. The three, next day, boarding the train for Fort Garry and three days later, arriving at the latter place, four days after the Colonel drew up before his "Lodge", finding everything as he had left it. So had terminated a brief but momentous journey loaded with premonitions of vast importance to the nation.


Martin, the French detective, with his prisoner, was detained by a storm, crossing the Mediterranean, as well as a break down on the Railway between Marseilles and Paris. Eventually they arrived safe and sound, the detective arranging with the



Chief of the Police, and the Minister of Justice for the necessary extradition papers. The next day they crossed the channel, between Calais and Dover, and the morning following reached London, where Scotland Yard men waited and took Fiesel in charge. Martin, following the instructions of his Chief, drove to No. 10 Downing Street, where he was closeted for two hours with the Foreign Minister. Colonel, now Lieut. General Wolseley, was present and he was the catechist, his information, and searching questions, astonished the detective. Particularly did the General interrogate him as to the doings and whereabouts of Freemantle as well as his captive, Miss Gascoigne. The Foreign Minister then asked Martin if he had time and would go to Windsor Castle to give the Prince of Wales a detailed account of the most recent happenings, relating to the poisoning case in hand. The detective replied that he would be most happy, and honored, to do so.

CHAPTER 23

Accordingly he left after lunch for Windsor, and the castle, where he was announced to, and received by the Prince privately. The latter received Martin most cordially, as was his custom, and listened silently, and without interruption, to a story which he, afterwards said, resembled a page from the "Arabian Nights". The details covered the ground, from the time the Prince had been in Cairo. The latter particularly asked for Miss Gascoigne, and the lovely indian maiden KoKeKee and enquired when they intended returning to Shagford. He then rang for his Private Secretary and instructed him to write a note to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, asking him to pay Martin's expenses while in London. This being done the Prince took from his tie a beautiful diamond pin and, handing to the astonished detective said: accept this as a token of my friendship and regard, now come and lunch quietly with me. Thus was shown unmistakeably the reason why Albert Edward made, wheresoever he went, warm and lasting friendships.



After lunch the prince bade adieu to Martin and calling his Secretary informed him that he wished his company to Shagford, to call upon Mrs. Gascoigne, and to engage a compartment in the train, for that afternoon. They duly arrived, unostentatiously, and were, speedily on their way. Arriving at Mrs. Gascoigne's residence, the latter was surprised, but rejoiced, to meet her charming friend and after greetings, said: "your Royal Highness is just in time for lunch and ringing for the butler told him to conduct the Prince, and his companion, to adjoining rooms, in the front of the house. After lunch they all went out to the verandah where they partook of coffee, creme de minthe and cigarettes.

The Prince astonished Mrs. Gascoigne by proposing that she accompany him, and his secretary, to Dartmoor, where Freemantle and Fiesel had been lodged, pending trial for treason, for I'm sure, said the Prince, you would be interested to see this extraordinary man who kidnapped your granddaughter. Mrs. Gascoigne reflected a few moments but at length replied, that she would very much like to see Freemantle, if it could be arranged that the prisoner could not see her. As the penitentiary was only a short distance across Dartmoor, the Prince

told her that matters could easily be arranged to comply with her wishes. In the meantime they all sat on the verandah, till bed time, and thoroughly discussed the circumstances surrounding one of the most tragic dramas ever enacted in England or, in fact anywhere else. Mrs. Gascoigne was more than surprised that the Prince should be so familiar with even the smallest details of this singular case.

The victoria drew up to the door and all three got in, arriving in an hour at the main door of the prison, where Governor Holdfast (a suitable name) and his secretary received them, escorting the little party to his own private quarters where everything was arranged satisfactorily, then calling a "turn-key" they all proceeded up one flight of stairs and walked down a long corridor, till they stopped at two doors adjoining, before which sentries with rifles stood on guard. The latter came to the salute smartly and told the first to enter Freemanle's room and draw up the blinds, in order to let in as much light as possible. This being attended to, the Prince asked the Governor to allow Mrs. Gascoigne to see the interior. The former slid a small wicket aside in the centre of the door and merely said look. Then the Prince and his secre-

tary did the same. Freemantle hearing the panel slide, stood erect and perfectly still, with his eyes fixed on the door. He was dressed in every respect as when he left Palermo excepting that he wore now, a close fitting skull cap pulled down to the eyebrows. He looked strong and well without any marks of suffering which would be expected after receiving such brutal punishment. None of the visitors expressed a wish to see Fiesel, so they all returned to the Governor's quarters, where they gladly regaled themselves with biscuits and port, for they felt chilled by the surroundings of the immense prison, the largest in England, and could not help feeling that here were herded together the most desperate criminals in the land, hundreds of them, undergoing long sentences, many for life. They thanked Holdfast for his kindness and hospitality and entering the victoria drove away, feeling depressed, and no wonder for they passed several "chain gangs" coming from breaking stone at the quarries. Mrs. Gascoigne remarked to the Prince that she no doubt was prejudiced but, nevertheless, could not help thinking that Freemantle was a most repulsive looking man and to think, she added, that poor Marie Grant should have been in this villains clutches

for three long years, really its amazing that the dear did not go mad. Yes, replied the Prince, Miss Gascoigne must be an extraordinarily courageous and strong willed girl. While the events just related were happening, Loloteke and KoKeKee were having a happy time together, and now that the two prisoners had gone, KoKeKee had given up the house in the valley and Karonwee had come once more to reside with his mistress in Freemantle's former apartments. Miss Gascoigne had almost recovered her normal state but the eyelid still drooped. KoKeKee, as the reader no doubt has observed, was a natural "matchmaker" and had just despatched a letter to Sir Arthur Antrobus, intimating that she did not think Miss Gascoigne was progressing as she should, notwithstanding that Doctor Frascatti was clever and very attentive. I wish you would come here, on receipt of my letter, but don't let my beloved know that I wrote you, or I should be in everlasting disgrace. As you are an eminent physician, and skilled in poisons and antitoxins, you are the one man to diagnose Miss Gascoigne's maladay and give her relief.

Sir Arthur duly arrived and, to the amazement of the so called invalid, told Miss Gascoigne that he had nothing particular to do

at the moment and thought he would put up at the hotel, for a few days, and visit her daily, for you know, he said, I want to diagnose your case and discuss it with Dr. Frascatti. Miss Gascoigne replied, there is a large comfortable room at your disposal and you may go and come as you like. So it was decided. Loloteke, KoKeKee and Sir Arthur rode out together every morning, he was shown all the interesting sights in, and about Palermo, visited the house where Freemantle had been confined but KoKeKee never mentioned the terrible torture which the former had undergone.

Sir Arthur and Doctor Frascatti had several long talks, relative to Miss Gascoigne's condition, and the former confirmed, in every respect, the treatment which Frascatti had administered. One day, a week after this, Loloteke, KoKeKee and Sir Arthur were whiling away the morning, on the balcony, when KoKeKee asked, with a rougeish expression: "How he found Miss Gascoigne looking"? Sir Arthur blushed and had difficulty repressing a smile, but mastering himself replied—very healthy looking and rosy—Miss Gascoigne said: "and what about this terrible eye, shall it ever recover its normality?" Certainly, but it may take two

years. I think that is the limit, may be sooner. Please understand that you have been imbibing, for three years, a rare and deadly poison, discovered by Freemantle, the source and composition of which is known only to him, and to myself, but to me recently, and by accident, owing to the skill and cleverness of KoKeKee. I am now, and have been for sometime experimenting, as to the effect of this poison administered as it has been to you but it will take a considerable time before I can master the question.

You are a robust young woman, mentally and physically, otherwise certain death would, long ago, have overtaken you. But, do not forget that this fiend, Freemantle, had you under his strong, and subtle, mesmeric power, this science he is evidently a master of, perhaps even excelling the original exponent of it, "Mesmer". Freemantle's library proves that he has, for years, made a study of this science which, even today, is largely a mystery. The vials of poisons, in dozens, test tubes, retorts, etc., prove this man to be a student, as learned and profound even as Pasteur, Lister or Kelvin, in their several lines. Believe me, Miss Gascoigne, you are a most fortunate young lady and should be a very thankful



one, for having escaped what assuredly would, shortly have been, a horrible and tragic end. This wonderful little friend, KoKeKee, by her devotion and skill, alone saved this calamity.

A few days after this, Sir Arthur received a cable from the Sirdar, asking him if, he could return to Cairo by first ship and requesting him to bring along everything found, so far, incriminating Freemantle, as well as Fiesel. Sir Arthur collected all he, and KoKeKee, could find, which filled a large trunk. A few days later, the former, bade his fond farewell and departed. When the two girls were left alone KoKeKee said: "Well, I am now quite lonely, he's a dear, what do you think of him"? Miss Gascoigne smilingly replied, "I'm not quite sure, he is certainly a very interesting man, but as to his being a "dear" why, darling, that is a bird of another feather." KoKeKee furrowed, you are a hard hearted girl, I would sooner be slowly poisoned by Sir Arthur than be loved by Freemantle and, besides, can't you see, stupid, that Sir Arthur is head and heels in love with you? Miss Gascoigne frowned, in turn, and replied, "don't be silly as well as stupid, the man does not think of me and he comes, solely, by request of my father. Oh! yes, saucily answered

KoKeKee, and for fond love of papa, they get along so beautifully together. Don't be impertinent KoKeKee, where is your lover. Karonwee, go and he will smooth the feathers of the prairie chicken. Poor KoKeKee jumped to her feet, eyes flashing. "Yes, you prairie stote, I shall go to bed." Seeing that you are so rude, like some of your Blackfeet squaws, you had better sleep off your ill manners. Thus, these chums parted for the day quarelling, a rare occurrence with them.

The Sirdar met Sir Arthur Antrobus at the boat and asked the latter to stay with him for a week, in order to discuss Freemantle, Fiesel and the poisoning of the troops, besides going carefully and tabulating the many articles found in the possession of these two scoundrels. It took fully three weeks, to accomplish this work, as well as for Sir Arthur to analyze and test the poisons and ingredients, especially the drug, or compound, which caused the sleeping sickness.

Sir Arthur Antrobus had, by this time, collected all the articles, formerly belonging to Freemantle, and had advised the Sirdar to that effect who, in turn had cabled the Foreign Minister. The latter replied asking that Sir Arthur report to him at once, bring-

ing all the exhibits, necessary in the approaching trial of Freemantle and Fiesel. In ten days Sir Arthur reported and we find him in private conference, with the Foreign Minister, to whom he gave the packages which he had put together with great labor and care. The Minister said, Lord Cockburn, the Chief Justice, requested that I bring you with me, to talk over some of the details as, being a charge of treason, he would have to preside at the trial. They accordingly called at the office of the Chief Justice, in the temple, Sir Arthur was duly presented and the three distinguished men discussed, the pros and cons, for two hours.

Lord Cockburn said at the conclusion that, he had presided at many celebrated and mysterious cases but that this one had them all fairly well beaten. The trial, he added, will have to come off in six weeks time, as the Government is most anxious to get it over, for you know, smiling, there is a political side to it. There will be two trials, one for treason and the poisoning of the soldiers, the other for the abduction of Miss Gascoigne. These trials follow, one immediately after the other, as the charges in each dovetail in many particulars. You will, Sir Arthur, be on hand, when notified, as you will be the chief expert witness,

knowing not only Freemantle and Fiesel, personally, but the composition of the "sleeping draughts" they administered to Miss Gascoigne as well.

Sir Arthur replied and said he would be on hand at the specified time. They bade the Chief Justice adieu and left for their destinations. Next morning Sir Arthur left early, by boat, for Cairo.

We now come to the year 1883, when the two young heroines, of this story, are about twenty-three years of age, and at the time when they were, temporarily, residing together in Palermo, Sicily, as well as Karon-wee, their faithful friend and servitor. The Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, Colonel Irvine, Colonel Gascoigne, Chief Crow Foot of the Blackfeet and Chief Mahatawee of the Crees, surrounded by the Councillors of both tribes, were in the midst of hundreds of tepees. On Chief Crowfoot's right was seated the two Colonels and on the left Chief Mahatawee. Crowfoot had handed the traditional pipe of peace to his guests and while they were all smoking in a circle of braves, in the center of which stood the Medicine man of each nation. The tomtoms ceased after a period of fifteen minutes and then a dead silence was heard, then in the far away north land the lone,

weird bark of the coyote, signifying the approach of night. After each of the Medicine men had made a short harrangue, in which they predicted approaching trouble, Chief Crowfoot arose and, in a serious voice said, the Medicine men spoke words of wisdom, that Riel was doubling his activities by sending runners to and fro, between the affected tribes of indians, but that he, Crowfoot was happy to say that his tribe was loyal to a man, and that he was ready to go to the assistance of the great Queen, who lived far over the waters, with 8000 young buck indians, splendidly mounted and equipped with Winchester repeating rifles. The Chief of the Crees, who was afraid of Crowfoot and completely dominated by him, expressed exactly the same views but said that he regretted, owing to the smaller number of his tribe, that he could only guarantee 3500 young bucks, the same number of good horses and Winchester repeaters. But by the Great Spirit, believe me, good white Chiefs, my brave warriors will take as many scalps, of the ennemies of our noble Queen, per man as the renowned fighters of my great brother Chief Crowfoot. All present expressed great satisfaction and dispersed with many, How! Hows!

At last the momentous period approached

a week hence the famous trial was to take place, and be handed down to posterity as one of the most unique, in all the annals of crime, which had, ever taken place. Witnesses and experts, in their separate lines, had been summoned from many far distant parts of the world: Judges, lawyers and doctors, chemists, famed men, such as vivisectionists, toxicologists pharmacopoeia specialists, yes even famous crooks, anxious to learn the latest mode of quieting their victims by the administration, secretly, of death dealing potions, spent time and, uncanny to see, and hear, one of the greatest trials of the century.

The three most serious crimes in the calendar, that of treason, murder and kidnapping, had been rarely, if ever tried, at least practically together. What added to the zest of it, particularly was that all the actors, in it, barring the two prisoners were, if not in high positions in the land, drawn from the most cultured ranks of society. Officers high in the army in England, Egypt and Canada were actors and it was known that none were more keenly interested than Queen Victoria, and her son Albert Edward Prince of Wales. Add to that the fact that Miss Gascoigne one of the most beautiful girls in all England and the Colonies, a

daughter too of one of the heroes of Tel-el-Kebir and a "VC" at that, gave a tang to the interest and excitement of it all. It was widely known, also, that Colonel Gascoigne had served under Wolseley in Egypt, at the above named battle, and had fought side by side with the Duke of Connaught, the latter being under fire for the first time.

It leaked out, in some mysterious way, perhaps thro' the servants' hall, that Miss Gascoigne, and her grandmother, were well and favorably known to the Queen and Prince Edward, and that the two former had been, more than once, the honored and admired guests of both Her Majesty and her son. Is it to be wondered at, then, that people far and near, high and low, rich and poor, should be on tiptoe of expectation for the great, though tragic event, to commence.

At last the eventful day arrived and was heralded by a bright sun, in a clear sky, not marred by a single cloud. A light breeze stirred the atmosphere and the sparrows were having a holiday, chirping and sparring merrily.

Cables and messages had been pouring in from far and near to the hotels, boarding houses, and friends, as well as to the Cabinet, the judiciary, etc., from distinguished men and even women. So many and important

were these applications that no court house in London was sufficiently capacious to accommodate such a concourse. After many consultations the Queen's hall had to be engaged for the period of the trial and it had been altered inside and was actually now, what it appeared to be, a huge court room, dexterously converted in a month, from an audience hall, to house the Chief Justice of England, his assistants, etc., and an immense audience, to conduct hear, and see, the most famous trial of the century, and which history will chronicle, from start to finish, as a pulsing, startling thing, filled with cunning, skill and tragedy.



CHAPTER 24

By this time the spacious room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Hundreds of splendidly gowned women were seated and fanning themselves, soldiers in brilliant scarlet uniforms and sparkling decorations, naval officers and famous men, of all ranks and professions, were to be seen on all sides, all these were admitted by showing numbered cards, signed by the court. Lawyers, for the prosecutions and defence, were taking their seats one by one, the crier of the court was already in his. The prisoners box, railed in, was guarded by four turn keys, in official uniform, stood with drawn revolvers at each corner, and the box for the witnesses raised four feet above the floor, was guarded by two stalwart Canadian North West Mounted Police troopers, with their Browning revolvers in their holster and wearing side arms. A whispering, humming noise, resembling a swarm of bees, came not from these busy insects but issued from the mouths of human bees, yet quiet withal an no remonstrance came from the crier of the court.

Then as if a telepathic message, unseen, had been transmitted to the crowd, the door of the judges chamber quietly opened and the Chief Justice, bewigged and gowned, and followed by the associate judges, proceeded to and took their places on the bench. They were followed by about twenty reporters, of all the leading journals, and went to seats, immediately in front of a table, which had been reserved for them, behind the chairs allotted to the lawyers taking part in the trial. Every soul of the audience was on the tiptoe of expectation, nevertheless only sighs ran through and around the room.

Nearly all the witnesses, for both prosecution and the defence, entered together and were shown to their appointed seats, not a thing amiss all procedure, thought out beforehand, with military precision.

Then quietly, composed, appeared at the entrance door approaching, through the broad sides, which divided the court into two equal semicircles, the most fascinating figures ever seen in a court of law. A young indian maiden, tall, dark, agile and graceful, with dark sparkling and wondering eyes, the mouth was smiling, the dark hair, in one massive braid, fell below the waist. Pinned to her hair above the forehead, and standing straight up, was a long and beautiful eagle feather. The girl wore a white doe-skin

jacket, a kirtle reaching to the knee and, over fringed leggings, moccasins were worn on the feet. All these garments were elaborately ornamented with black and brilliant red beads. Around her neck, and reaching to the hem of her kirtle, or skirt, she wore a magnificent beaded silken velvet necklace, with huge wolf-teeth as a fringe. In her hand she carried a golden beaded bag with a tassal of porcupine quills. The redman was dressed exactly like the girl but without the skirt. During their entry there was not a sound heard, not a whisper, only the sighing of the wind without, and the chirping of the sparrows on the window sills. This ghostly silence was suddenly broken by the rustle of the ladies gowns, and the scraping on the seats, occasioned by the craning forward of hundreds of necks. Even the distinguished Lord Cockburn peered forward, and followed the twain to their seats, and this action was copied by his associates as well as by the "Cryer". But the reporters, always eager rose, as one man, to their feet and peered, with all eyes after this unique couple. The "Cryer" arose and in angry tones, commanded them to be seated. The couple tripped quietly down the aisle and sat down. The reader well knows that the maiden and the man are KoKeKee and Kar-onwee.

They were no sooner seated than a more interesting pair approached, Colonel Gascoigne, bearing his lovely daughter on his arm, the former wore his North West Police uniform, full dress, broad brimmed Stetson hat hung, by a leather chin strap, around his neck at the back (a habit of this force) his left breast was covered by decorations including the Victoria cross. They were accompanied by his Secretary in a similar uniform and Mrs. Gascoigne and Sir Arthur Antrobus followed. The Chief Justice now turned his head and at a signal, the Court Cryer, beckoned to an usher who opened a door at the side of the Judges' bench and disappeared. A few moments after, this same door reopened and between two stalwart Egyptian native soldiers, wearing red "fezes", and with naked bayonets in their right hands, came forward, guarding two figures, manacled together by the wrists. They were indeed tragic figures, palid from the effects of close confinement and anxiety, white to the lips but they held their heads high. The shorter man wore a black silk skull cap, pulled down to the very tops of his eyebrows. His companion, a giant, and a head and shoulders over his companion in misery, was an erect, muscular figure, weighing at this time 200 pounds. These pri-

soners were the celebrated rebels, poisoners and kidnappers, Professor Freemantle and Fiesel.

The stage set, the curtain rising and the actors ready in the wings. The Chief Justice signalled and the Cryer of the Court, rising, commanded silence and "Oh, yea, Oh, yea", read the charges and the great trial for treason began and the actors on the stage over the footlights. After the charges were deliberately read the Lord Justice asked the prisoners at the bar: "guilty or not guilty", they both answered, "Not guilty my Lord. The Counsel for the prosecution then asked permission first to call witnesses to identify the prisoners. The former succeeded one another in the witness stand viz., the Sirdar, Colonel Gascoigne, and his daughter, Sir A. Antrobus, and a dozen others. Then the great French savant stepped forward, in answer to the question if he had met Freemantle, he replied smilingly, "Why, yes, I know him intimately, for he studied under me for two years and I may add was the greatest living authority on poisons, and their antedotes. Oh, yes! Freemantle is a genius".

Then Sir Arthur was recalled and questioned closely as to the discovery of the tietsel-fly poison, and its administration to

the soldiers. This was lucidly answered, Sir Arthur adding, but the discoverer is the indian maiden "KoKeKee" here present. The latter then took Sir Arthur's place and described in her low, melodious but penetrating voice her connection with the case. In answer to the request—the said now just tell me who you are, she replied—I am the daughter of the elder brother of "Crowfoot", the great Chief of the Blackfeet indian nation, the most loyal of all the Canadian tribes, to our great and good Queen Victoria. Being a niece of Crowfoot's I am, consequently, a Princess of the blood and, touching her eagle feather, said: "See, this I would not be allowed to wear if I were not what I am". Then the prosecutor said: "And what connection with, and why, are you so interested in this case"? Interested, yes, and strange would it be indeed if I were not for I am a ward of my great benefactor, Colonel Gascoigne, who brought me up from childhood, lavished time and money upon me, had me well educated by the good nuns at Fort Qu'Appelle and all my life gave me a luxurious home and treated me just like my beautiful sister "Loloteke" who sits before you. Strange would it be, and unforgivably ungrateful, had I not tried to discover, and bring to justice, the miser-



able wretch who sits in the dock yonder."

As to his associate in crime, the villain Fiesel, I labored for a year, night and day, till, like a lark fascinated by a snake on our prairie, he fell desperately in love with me, yes, even I, whom he at first thought to be as wax in his hand, but which he found was steel instead, had him mesmerized so that he eventually poured forth all his innermost secrets. The lawyer said: how old are you? to which KoKeKee replied, twenty-three, my last birthday. then "I thank you for your lucid replies, you are a wonderfully clever girl."

To say that the audience was interested, during this scene, would be a misrepresentation for had a pin dropped, it could have been heard.



CHAPTER 25

When KoKeKee at last resumed her seat there was a rustling of dresses, a sigh permeated the room and suddenly, as if to give vent to suppressed emotion, the vast concourse arose and cheered and cheered again. The Chief Justice brought his gavel down again and again, while the Court Cryer stood up and loudly shouted for silence. When the latter was restored 'Karonwee' took the stand but when he had confirmed everything which KoKeKee had said, he was told to stand down.

Then a chair was placed on the platform and Miss Gascoigne seated herself. She looked straight at the Chief Justice and never glanced at the prisoners. The Colonel stood beside his daughter. The Crown prosecutor calmly asked the latter how long she had partaken of Freemantle's pills, what effect they had and if he had ever been unkind to her? She answered, for three years, ever since I first called at Harley Street, but, I must say, he apparently was most solicitous of my health and extremely kind, always. Can you explain why he had

such power over you and if it were accelerated by mesmeric influence, as well. I know Freemantle had strong hypnotic influence because, when our eyes met, I became paralyzed by fear and then he controlled me as he wished. Weekly he insisted on my taking tea with him, and that for three long weary years and it was only recently that KoKeKee told me that the tea was drugged, that Freemantle, to use her own words, had always been, and was, still desperately in love with me, and had destroyed all letters from home, as well as those which I had written.

I was, naturally, amazed to learn all this dreadful news for the first time and, being in his power, always under the dreadful influence of the drug, and being a close prisoner, I had not the means of finding out.

When, and where did you meet Freemantle last? At Palermo, Sicily, three months ago. Please turn and point him out. She did so and, when her arm was raised, her eyes encountered his, her whole body stiffened and then collapsed, the head falling forward on the chest and fainted. Colonel Gascoigne supported her in his arms and KoKeKee, who had been watching attentively, sprang forward, seized a jug of water, rushed to Miss Gascoigne and sprinkling it

over the girls face, pulled a silver flask of brandy from her bag and held it to the formers mouth. Miss Gascoigne, assisted by her father, KoKeKee, and the formers grand mother, who had joined the group, recovered in a few moments from her fainting fit. Then the Counsel for the defence arose and said, if Miss Gascoigne felt equal to being questioned for a minute or two he would be as speedy as possible, to which Miss Gascoigne replied that she had quite recovered. "You admitted, the lawyer said, that Freemantle had always been kind to, and solicitous for your welfare." Yes, certainly. Now, "did you not go to his office in Harley Street, after receiving the highest testimonials, of his skill as a physician, and good character, from distinguished friends of the professor's and your own"? Yes! "If you had heard anything derogatory would you have gone?" No! "Did you ever see, or suspect, that your tea was drugged 'till the indian girl had told you"? No! "Exactly, you never did"? "Then you could not swear that you had been drugged"? No! "You were well aware, however, that the Government had offered a reward of £5000, for the apprehension of the culprits, who had distributed the drug which caused sleeping sickness to befall hundreds of the soldiers,

but it never occurred to you that if the indian girl succeeded, in brining it home to the guilty parties, she would become, comparatively, very rich" ? Yes, I was aware of the award but, perhaps, because KoKeKee had all a girl could require, in fact and, in some respects, as much as myself, and apart from the years of intimacy between us had, without a doubt taught me, that KoKeKee was generous, kind hearted and, like all indians cared little, if at all, for money. Thank you, that is all.

The Chief Justice then intimated that there would now be an intermission of an hour and a half for lunch. Comparatively few left the Court house but Miss Gascoigne was driven to her hotel, accompanied by her grandmother.

After recess Pasteur, and Sir Arthur Antrobus, were seated immediately below, and in front of the bench, at a table covered by dozens of small bottles, test tubes, retorts, etc., in fact nearly all the impedimenta of the laboratory.

The Crown prosecuor explained that these two gentlemen were going to be questioned, and give evidence in re the poisons on this table, which were all found in Freemantle's laboratory. Pasteur then arose and facing the Chief Justice, said: I have no doubt

this is the largest and most interesting collection of poisons, owned by one individual, in the world. I thought my laboratory contained the largest assortment in Europe but it is as nothing to this, spreading his hands over the table. There is sufficient poison here, diluted, to poison all the inhabitants of London. My colleague, and former pupil, Sir Arthur Antrobus, than whom no greater savant and scholar, in his line, lives, and I have undertaken for the past four months at the request of the Government, a careful, minute and exhaustive examination and test of these many poisons. Some of them are extremely rare and half a dozen are known only to a few distinguished experts. This paraphernalia which you see here is the most perfect of its kind, many of these beautiful glass test tubes and retorts are the inventions of Freemantle and have never been patented and are unknown to the world. The bases of most of these poisons we found to be those generally well known, in the medical world, and are, Opium, Curare Corrosive sublimate, Arsenic, Hydrocyanic-acid, Strychnine and Aconite. But there are half a dozen known only to a few, including Sir Arthur and myself and, of course, not found on the pages of the.... Pharmacopoeia. But to be brief, I now come

to the new and deadliest of all known poisons this, and holding aloft two labelled bottles said—in this is a number of dead and dried teetsel flies, in the other the liquid, diluted, of the same. Putting the bottles down, he picked up another and raising aloft said, this is a bottle containing a sample of the pills, made by Freemantle and administered, through agents, not only to the Egyptian troops but to Miss Gascoigne, as well. It is this that we wish to demonstrate to you, succinctly, for if it had been undiscovered this trial could not have taken place.

Then taking up a small box he continued, this is, you see, a very small box, labelled in Freemantle's handwriting, and partly filled, with the "teetsel fly" pills, undoubtedly the fellows of the others, and which Miss Gascoigne had not taken but hidden, when becoming suspicious of her captor. Now, one of these tiny things, imbedded in sulphur, dissolves instantly, in any kind of liquid, and it is easy of comprehension that, even an unskilful person, could drop one into a cup of tea and, even if the tea were speedily emptied, I may say instantly poured out, a condensable portion would have already disappeared. If it had not been for the suspicious, and quick eye of Sir Arthur,

when he caught Freemantle napping, and saw him drop one of these pills into Miss Gascoigne's tea, the latter lady, long ere this would have succumbed and the poisoning of the soldiers continued indefinitely.

Stooping and opening the door of a small wire cage, which stood on the table, and holding up a white rabbit by the ears, this we gave a hypodermic injection to, of twice the strength of one of these pills. You see the result, the animal is dead.—Pasteur took in his hand a white mouse and explained that he had treated it as the rabbit, but with only the strength of one pill result death. I now show you the other mouse, you see it is in a torpid state, it crawls over the table. The latter was given only half a dissolved pill in a cupful of tea.—Now look at this rabbit, injected with one pill dissolved in a cup of tea, it is lethargic and affected like the soldiers and Miss Gascoigne, even to the drooping eyelid of the latter.



CHAPTER 26

Now, said Pasteur. I shall, with your permission, Lord Corkburn, ask my friend to take up, where I have left off, as he is more familiar with what remains to be told of the poisoning of the troops and the personalities connected therewith.

Pasteur, looking tired, sat beside his friend and Sir Arthur arose: I'm glad to say, my Lord, that Monsieur Pasteur has not left me, much to explain. You are aware perhaps that I'm familiar with the events, from their beginning, of the poisoning of the troops. The experiments conducted by Monsieur Pasteur and myself, as he so lucidly explained, were the sole occupation of him and myself for many months but, while he devoted himself to ascertaining the strength and effect of the deadliest known poisons, I spent all my time trying to find out, the same thing relative to the "teetsel" poison, and endeavoring to discover an antitoxin for it, both of which, I'm glad to inform you, my Lord, I succeeded in.— I may be permitted to say, enpasse, that Miss Gascoigne has partaken of it with most

beneficial results and I have despatched a quantity of it to the medical men of the barracks in Cairo, and have the satisfaction of hearing from them that it has effected rapid convalescence in fact every soldier will have, in a month, rejoined the regular forces.

Unless, my Lord, or the learned Counsel, have any question to ask, I have nothing more to say. The Counsel for the defence arose and said. I assume you can swear that the pills, you have shown and alluded to, were found in actual possession of Freemantle? No, I cannot. Oh! then they may have been compounded by and found in possession of some one else? Well hardly that, for they were handed to me by the Indian maid "KoKeKee". If so, then I call to the stand the latter. Did you, Kokekee, I believe you are called, get possession of these pills from Freemantle and if not whence came they? I got them from a secret pocket of his coat when he stupidly left it on the back of chair in his bedroom. Why go and see for yourself, the box is labelled by Freemantle and bears the word "for the soldiers and Miss Gascoigne". Ah! I see, you then admit the habit of going into Freemantle's bed room, a nice virtuous performance for a young girl of twenty years.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense dear Counsel", replied the girl, you insult me, a Princess of the most powerful tribe of Canadian indians, now had you addressed me in those words, before my own people, I should have scalped you with this jerking out her scalping knife from its holder, held it up, but I forgot for I see you have scarcely any hair and a Blackfoot only takes beautiful locks to hang at his girdle. Why, you should wear a black cap like your client for he too, I believe, has no hair. The lawyer stamping his feet, shook his fist at KoKeKee and exclaimed, be silent you indian hussy. If said the girl I'm a hussy then you are the brother of the man in the dock. The Counsel paled to the lips and sat down. The Judge remarked quietly to the latter. You brought this on yourself and you must, Sir, in future respect, not only the Bench, but the Bar. The Crown Prosecutor then asked KoKeKee if she stuck to her assertion that she took the box of pills from Freemantle's pocket, answered. Yes, Sir, and it has not been out of my hands since. Freemantle shouted you lie, damn you. All heads now turned in wonder to the speaker for he had not, so far, uttered a word.

At this outburst KoKeKee straightened

and with flashing eyes and leaning over the railing cried in a piercing voice. No, no, lie, poisoner, as you know, and turning to the Chief Justice said in rapid words—"my Lord this man is guilty, as is the devil, of the white man, and flinging out her arms wide, and looking skyward cried, if that wretch were an indian we would kill, scalp and fling his carcass to the coyotes, or as the white man has named them, prairie dogs, there to be devoured, his unclean bones to lie with those of the buffalo. But, my Lord, I was right when I said, just now, that the Counsel for the defence is a brother of the poisoner, for believe me I can prove it. Murmurs, whispers and consternation circulated through the audience, like an electric current, and the last day, but one, of the trial terminated.

Hours before the court opened next morning the approaches were packed by people but, when the doors were flung wide, aordon of London's Mounted police barred the entrance further. The police crossed their rifles and an usher at the entrance held a large placard high, on which the onlookers read, "no admittance but by ticket". Then a platoon, of ordinary constables arrived and drove the good natured crowd away.

An hour before the allotted time ticket

holders appeared and then, three quarters after, the Judges. A few minutes later the Prince of Wales wearing a dark suit and black tie, accompanied by his Secretary and Colonel Gascoigne, passed into the court room, and, at the Prince's appearance, the whole audience arose, the Prince smiling and bowing, to the right and left, ascended the bench, and while the judges stood erect the Chief Justice, pointing to a chair on his right, Albert Edward speedily seated himself. On the usual signal from the Chief Justice, the crier ordered the usher to inform the guard to convey the prisoners to the dock.

They entered a minute later, looking worn and anxious and, shackled as before, were escorted to the dock.

The Court crier then arose and demanded silence and warned the audience that absolute quiet must be observed and that any person or persons, not acceding would be ejected forthwith. The jury had, of course, been in their seats some time and, when the crier had finished his warning, the foreman arose and, addressing the Chief Justice, asked, My Lord are the jury to bring in a verdict separately, or conjointly, on the charges of treason, murder and abduction, and as several soldiers have died, through

taking the "teetsel poison", the prisoners we take it stand trial for the second offence, as well as the other two.

The Chief Justice, after referring to his notes, replied-As all three charges dovetail, I, and my associates have decided that you consider well and bring in a verdict of all three together, and you will consider the second charge "murder".

The foreman then reseated himself and, in the meantime, the Prince of Wales and the Chief Justice engaged in animated conversation and the former's head nodding and looking all about, and around, the huge assembly undoubtedly intensely interested. Meanwhile, the room was literally packed with humanity, hundreds standing in the aisles and passages. Not since the state trial of "Jessie Deans" had the people of England been so interested. All down the adjoining streets thousands stood in the rain waiting for news, Cordons of soldiers mounted and on foot, besides traffic policemen tried, with the utmost difficulty to maintain order by stretching ropes across the streets, at strategic points. These preparations not being sufficient, the household cavalry and the Scots Grays, then quartered in London, took their stations, at the corners of

streets, for blocks surrounding the Court house. In court itself, silent expectation and suppressed, but intense emotion, pervaded the waiting crowd, and a low humming could be heard as if emanating from a distant electric motor. All the witnesses were present, including Colonel and Miss Gascoigne, Pasteur, Sir Arthur Antrobus, Kokekee Karonwee and Doctor Frascatti and Martin, the French detective, and as they entered the court, they took seats beside their medical friends. The Chief Justice was in the act of sipping a glass of water and looking a bit anxious and weary, when one of his associates whispered to him, then the former arose and in terse sentences and a melodious voice said "Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoners before you, charged with the three gravest crimes in the calendar, have had a fair, impartial and exhaustive trial. The learned Crown prosecutor has a very strong case but has not in a single instance taken advantage of it which he could have done. The learned Counsel for the defence, placed every legitimate obstacle in the way of his learned opponent, and in the defence of the prisoners no one could have done better, indeed, many barristers famed for their

legal learning could not have been more skilful, if as much so. He, the Counsel for the defence must have been a keen student of chemistry, especially that branch of it which includes "poisons". To be able to defend his clients, present, this was absolutely essential and therefore I speak for my learned associates beside me, as well as for myself, when I state that the prisoners could not have found a more suitable and able lawyer, within the Kingdom, than he. We, therefore, that is the Bench, tender him our heartiest congratulations. No matter what your verdict may be, he has worthily performed his duty and, as a Barrister and pleader, is without a peer. Now, regarding the first charge "treason", I think the two most famous students of poisons, which you have heard, have proven their case against the prisoners, as well as in the second charge of "murder", also in the third and last, of kidnapping by means of "teetsel" poison, the young and distinguished lady here present, and actually holding her captive by mesmeric force, as well as the other, for the consible period of three long and weary years. You must ponder well the latter and it is without precedent that such should occur in these enlightened days. It is for you, "gentlemen of the jury", to decide the

fate of the prisoners, we of the Bench try, only, to guide you on the legal interpretation of British law. Ask yourselves the question. "How should I feel if my very own, and beloved, daughter were drugged, kidnapped and held a captive for 3 long years? You will see, I have not endeavoured to influence you, just retailed carefully the facts, brought out the past six days by many, and all, intelligent witnesses. When considering the verdict, you will please bear in mind, that KoKeKee, the indian girl, is not a squaw, that is a common one, but a Princess of the Blackfoot tribe of Canada, well educated, a linguist who actually, in a year, mastered the Arabic tongue in Cairo, and why? Purely and only owing to her devotion to her companion from babyhood, Miss Gascoigne, and her father the Colonel, as you are well aware it is wholly to the (may I say) almost divine love of this truly wonderful indian maiden, that the poisoning was traced to the clever but inhuman Freemantle, through his associate in the dock Fiesel, the giant Arab. Further, KoKeKee, for one whole year, exposed herself to every possible danger alone with Fiesel and his gang of rebels, in brothels which his soldiers the Sirdar told one would hesitate to enter. KoKeKee, as you have witnessed

has, like all indians of whatsoever tribe, a quick temper but her outbursts here were rational and human, for she had been insulted and instigated, by the clever Counsel for the defence, for his own purpose. This brief summary of the most unusual trial, which will go down to posterity, is now, I'm thankful to say concluded. The judgment I give will be based on your verdict, the two alternatives are, hanging or imprisonment for life. As the two prisoners are, equally guilty, you will bring in one verdict covering both. You may now retire gentlemen of the jury and may—"God direct and guide you."




CHAPTER 27

With breathless silence, even the ticking of the clock was distinctly heard, the jury retired. It was a full hour when they entered court and when seated the "Crier", turned and said: Gentlemen of the jury, have you arrived at a decision and if so, proclaim it. The foreman arose and replied looking up at the bench. "My Lord we, the jury, have come to a unanimous decision, we find the prisoner Freemantle guilty on the three counts and Fiesel on the two first. We also recommend Freemantle to mercy, because we consider his contribution, to science and humanity, counterbalance to a considerable extent the crimes with which we find him guilty.

The Chief Justice then readdressing the jury said: Gentlemen of the jury I congratulate you, for it is the verdict I myself would have brought had I been in your position. Then turning to the prisoners said in a low, tragic voice. "Stand up, have you anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be passed upon you, to which Freemantle replied, nothing, my Lord, ex-

cepting, that I prefer death to imprisonment. Fiesel requests me to say, to your Lordship, that he has nothing to say. Then the Chief Justice looking steadily at the prisoners said: "It is my solemn, but painful duty, to pronounce the sentence of the Court upon you both, viz—"that you be conducted from this room to the local prison adjoining this building, thence to "Dartmoor Penitentiary", where you both will be confined for the natural term of your lives, where you will be employed with hard labor. You have had a fair trial and have been found guilty of the three gravest crimes against humanity. If it had been, no recommendation to mercy, you both would have been hanged by the neck 'till dead. May God have mercy upon you and help you to repentance." A great sigh of relief escaped the pent up feeling of the multitude, it had found a vent. The people quietly left the court room, British justice, yes, mercy, had once more triumphed.

A few weeks previous to the trial Miss Gascoigne had given up her residence in Palermo and, with KoKeKee, had gone to reside, in the meantime with her grandmother at Shagford. The Colonel also intended to visit there, as he had many affairs to settle regarding the Estate, which he



could not attend to for sometime before and during the trial. The mother, son, daughter and Kokekee were four very happy people now, but the excessive strain of the years of Miss Gascoigne's unknown whereabouts, added to the anxieties of the trial, had left its mark on all of them. But Miss Gascoigne was now nearly normal and the drooping eyelid had, at last, regained normality. The Colonel wisely insisted that they all go out every day walking and driving over the moor as well as to the surrounding villages which are very old and quaint, in beautiful Devon. They all partook plentifully of the famous Devonshire cream and as there were quantities of fruit in the garden, they fared well. The beautiful and ancient church, in charge of the Reverend Ansel Goodenough, interested the Gascoignes not only because it was a charming model of Gothic architecture, but on account of its bearing on its walls handsome epitaphs of the Gascoigne ancestry, some of which bore the date of 1650. The old stone crosses at the cross roads, as well as on Dartmoor, the Druidical stones also interested them all. Now and again the whole party went by train to London to see the sights and attend the theatres. KoKeKee, by this time, had cast off her indian trappings

for the garments of civilisation, much to her annoyance and discomfort. Miss Gascoigne insisted that she must dress exactly as she did. Two more beautiful girls it would be impossible to meet and their appearance is best illustrated by the remarks of a young lieutenant of the "Guards" who, seeing the girls together in a box at Covent garden theatre, expressed his admiration in the following words. "Old fella, look at those two beauties opposite really ripping don't you know. What! His companion smiled, replying—"Right oh, old chappie! finest girls in London but don't you know who they are, why the fair darling is the daughter of Colonel Gascoigne VC; and the dark one is the indian beauty, prominent witnesses in the recent trial—Well, well, I'll be d....no end of swells and lucre to burn, say old chappie! we must don't you know get introduced, eh, what!" A short time after this amusing conversation Colonel Gascoigne received a letter from the Foreign Secretary saying that, if convenient, he would like to call on the morrow but would request that all the ladies be present also.

He intimated that the Prince of Wales would accompany him informally. As the train drew up, Colonel Gascoigne recei-

ved the visitors, at the steps of the car, and preceded them to the carriage, which arrived at the house in a few minutes. Karonwee opened the door and was immediately recognized, first by the Prince and afterwards by his companion. Mrs. and Miss Gascoigne and KoKeKee met the Prince like old friends. They talked pleasantly and the Prince told Miss Gascoigne that he would like to ride out with her across the moor, to which she replied—"charming". So the two left together on splendid mounts, accompanied at a distance by Karonwee, still in indian dress. They were followed by the rest of the party driving and, after a delightful time, returned in time for 5 o'clock tea, which was brought in promptly by the footman. Then, after tea, the Foreign Secretary asked Mrs. Gascoigne if it would be convenient for them all to meet in the garden, including the servants. Mrs. Gascoigne showed her surprise at such an unusual request but said, most certainly, and directed Karonwee to arrange seats for them all and notify the servants to stand behind them. When all was ready the Foreign Secretary handed the Prince a parcel. The latter then walked forward, and taking KoKeKee's hand, asked her to step forward and placed her, standing in the semicircle. The girl looked bewildered.

The Prince then unwrapped and brought forth a beautiful jewelled and golden casket and opening the cover, smilingly said : "KoKeKee, take out the contents they are yours; you see there are five Bank of England notes, 5000 pounds in all and the inscription on the lid of this casket explains everything, let me read. "Presented to KoKeKee, Princess of the Blackfeet nation, by her Majesty Queen Victoria and the British Government, in token of her heroism and loyalty in bringing to justice two notorious rebels who had, by cunning and subtle means, poisoned hundreds of Her Majesty's troops in Egypt and the Sudan March 1st, 1885". Cheers and clapping of hands followed. Poor KoKeKee's ordeal was worse than the recent trial, she paled to the lips, trembled and collapsed into the arms of the Colonel, but recovering quickly took a step forward, made a pretty courtesey and tremblingly said — "Kindly thank the good Queen and the British Government for this magnificent gift. The casket shall, I promise you, be a proud trust to my beloved nation, the Blackfeet, to be held by them as long as the Good Spirit permits. This enormous sum of money I shall use wisely, under the advice of my best friend the good Colonel. I



have only to add that, in bringing the culprits to task, I but performed my duty no better and, I trust no worse, than any man, or woman, of my tribe would rejoice to do". The Prince shook hands with KoKeKee and warmly congratulated her, followed by all the others. Thus this interesting ceremony ended and it was a happy suggestion, of the Prince, that the reward for the apprehension of Freemantle and Fiesel should be placed in a casket with such a suitable inscription. The Prince and the Minister departed that same evening and, while on the railway platform, a telegraph messenger handed Colonel Gascoigne a cablegram, it read, "Please report at once, and personally, to me at Ottawa. rebellion broken out, indians joined breeds.

You must take joint command of Police.—Eastern regiments are mustering—J. A. Macdonald. The Colonel was very much astonished for none of the North Western officials had apprised him of the situation. Of course, when he returned to the house his mother and daughter were very much alarmed, on his account, but they knew he was a soldier, always expected to be at the call of Queen and Country. So amid-tears and blessings the Colonel left in two hours He told Karonwee to await his cabled instructions.

Before the Colonel left, his mother told him that she intended inviting Sir Arthur Antrobus to pay her a short visit, and added; we owe him a debt of gratitude, not only for being so kind to us all, in our late trouble, but for the great assistance he gave in finding out about the poison. To this the son made no comment. "Strange," said Mrs. Gascoigne, to her granddaughter, a few days after, I cannot imagine why your father dislikes Sir Arthur so intensely, there is a mystery, the cause long years ago. Do you know anything about it Marie? No! grandmother not a thing, in fact I have for months thought of it but when it came to the tip of my tongue, as the saying is, they both seemed to scent my thoughts and changed the subject, or walked away." In ten days time Sir Arthur arrived and the first words he said, after greeting the two ladies, were. "I hope the Colonel knows of your invitation to me? Oh, yes indeed, but nevertheless this is my own house and I ask anyone here I wish, of course. I let no one even my dear son, dictate to me. I'm very glad you told him, however, because I could not have accepted otherwise. Well, all I have to say in reply is, that you're too conscientious and not many men would let the Colonel, or anyone else, interfere with their affairs.

CHAPTER 28

Sir Arthur and Miss Gascoigne went out riding every morning, early, on and across the moor, to Shagford village and the many other quaint towns around. In the evenings, after dinner, friends were invited, they amused themselves sitting in the garden, and on the balcony, telling stories, playing chess, whist, etc., — When too dark to see they all retired to the drawing room, where music was indulged in.—Miss Gascoigne sang “Kathleen Mavourneen” and many other songs prettily and she, and Sir Arthur, sang together for the first time but not, as KoKeKee laughingly remarked, for the last times, either making both these performers blush scarlet and look exceedingly foolish. But KoKeKee was, indeed, a privileged but, also, a dearly loved character. Dartmoor penitentiary, on this afternoon of a foggy, drizzling day of April 1885, loomed thro’ the mist, stern, gloomy, threatening, like a huge thunder cloud before it shot forth its lightnings, and boomed forth its thunder. Truly a portentous and solitary mass, enclosing within its

gray walls, wretches doomed to live alone, forgotten, even their names, unknown, and indentified only by a number. Truly an awful fate, better far to die. Miss Gascoigne, and Sir Arthur, had been on one of their many rides, when Karonwee galloped after them, but had all he could do to catch up, for they were urging their mounts on account of the approaching storm. At last coming abreast he said, just saw and talked with Fiesel, he is one of the chain gang returning to the prison from the quarry. He had merely time to tell me that Freemantle was dying, when the guards rode up and, if it had not been for my good broncho, "the Colonel" here would have taken me prisoner. The guards shouted out that "convicts" were not allowed to speak or be spoken to. All this was a great surprise but no word was spoken in reply.

On reaching home, however, Miss Gascoigne informed her grandmother and the latter immediately despatched to the prison, a large shape of calves feet, and apple jelly, six bottles of port and the same of sherry, with a note to the Governor, requesting him to let her know how the prisoner progressed and asking that she be allowed to send her physician and the Rector of the Church.

An answer did not come till the morning of two days after from the Governor, stating that Freemantle earnestly requested an interview with Sir Arthur Antrobus that afternoon, at 3 o'clock and that, the former would be glad to receive a call from the Reverend Mr. Goodenough (but not a physician) which Mrs. Gascoigne very kindly suggested. Sir Arthur, and the Vicar, arrived promptly at the prison, at the appointed hour, and were conveyed, by a uniformed attendant, to a private room of the infirmary. Being ushered therein the two visitors saw before them a room, about 23 feet square, white enamelled paint, bear walls excepting a nurses chart, recording the temperature, pulse beats, and blood pressure, an up to date room, faultlessly clean and orderly to a degree. By one of the open windows a narrow hospital bedstead had been drawn which overlooked the moor, the latter beautiful, bathed in the sun light and tinted with the purple heather and yellow gorse. A small table, with a few bottles of untouched medicine, glasses and a siphon of soda water, which a nurse was arranging. Sitting up in bed, looking like a very ill man, reclined Freemantle, supported by many pillows. His brother the lawyer, sat at the foot of, and a


little to one side, facing the patient. Two chairs had been placed beside the bed in anticipation of the two visitors, both of whom approached and delicately shook hands, then seated themselves.

A dead silence for fully three minutes and Freemantle turned to the latter and said, in a weak voice, very kind of you to have come. Sir Arthur answered with a question, do you feel very ill, have you seen a Doctor and what is the trouble? Yes, I'm very ill, I have seen no physician and don't intend to, but you are an eminent one yourself, glance at that chart and tell me what you read between the lines. Sir Arthur did so but said nothing. But, remarked Freemantle, I wish you to diagnose my case. The former did so, turning up the eyelids, feeling the pulse, trying the temperature and using the Stethoscope. Also raised the sleeve of his jacket, stooped and smelt his breath, sat down passed his hand across his own eyes and the silence of the grave ensued. At Last, Freemantle you have been giving yourself hypodermic injections, of the "teetsel fly" poison, how did you procure it as prisoners are carefully searched for just such dangerous things. Silence, when the physician Freemantle's brother very quietly replied.

"I brought that poison to my brother, we talked the situation over and decided, at once, that he had better die, with that dreadful tatoo-mark, and the disgrace, what alternative is open, why none, absolutely none. The three visitors were now as pale as the sick man and the nurse tremblingly left the room. Quite, I assure you, gentlemen, I am a living disgrace and should die, and raising high his hands. Yes die, I tell you. Now, I want you all three to remain while I ask Sir Arthur to carry out my last dying wishes, for I have now only a few hours to live. My words shall be few. My mother, God bless her, was an Irish lady and through and by her teaching, I at first, only sympathized, with the Irish cause but, my feelings at last grew into hatred and I lived only for vengeance. I had travelled extensively in Africa and at last discovered the source of the deadly teetsel virus and the thought came to me. like a flash, here is my opportunity to stab England. I nearly accomplished it but for that damned Canadian squaw but I will give her the credit of being the cleverest woman I ever encountered, yes, yes, more devil than woman. You know the rest. Regarding Miss Gascoigne, I became deeply in love with her but when I found out that she actually loathed the sight of me, I deter-

mined not only to bring her completely under my control by the administration of the "teetsel" but also by the fearful gift, I possess, of hypnotism. With the exception of these two crimes my life otherwise, was clean. I'm almost at an end now. Sir Arthur, I possess 60,000 pounds. I make you my sole Executor and Legatee, in trust. Divide this money, equally, to build and equip a hospital for the wives and widows of British soldiers, and for the research work to be directed, conjointly, by Monsieur Pasteur and yourself. All the contents of my laboritories I leave to you, and the royalties on my many works. They will bring you a large fortune. My brother concurs in all this. Now, gentlemen, farewell for ever.

The vicar and Sir Arthur returned to Mrs. Gascoigne and the three ladies in the garden having tea. Just in time, smilingly said, Miss Gascoigne, but when she observed the drawn faces of the men she also became sad. I know from your pale faces you have had a dreadful interview, do sit down and take a cup of tea at once. Yes, truly, we have had a trying ordeal, said the Vicar a highly tragic scene, accustomed as I am to death, in all shapes and forms, my experience has been



as "nil" compared to our meeting with Freemantle. However, Sir Arthur will tell you all about it, as indeed he did, holding his listeners spell bound. Freemantle's wealth astonished them all, especially the way he willed it. After the facts were fully related, Mrs. Gascoigne said, a terribly tragic and sad ending to one of the greatest scientists of the century and he certainly tried to make amends for his sins. Miss Gascoigne was silent but KoKeKee jumped up and going to the latter said no doubt you think me a hard hearted girl but I cannot feel a particle of sorrow for Freemantle. If that vile man had not been found and punished England would probably have lost Egypt and the Sudan and where, do you imagine our beloved Lototeke would be now, probably with the Great and Good Spirit. It is so generous, is it not, for Freemantle to leave his fortune as he has, knowing that he has only a few hours to live and cannot take it with him. No, No, I cannot sympathize like the "white man", I am an Indian, and our belief is, "As a man liveth so should he die". I'm certain too, that both the Chief Justice, and my Colonel, would side with me. Miss Gascoigne then said to Sir Arthur, let us go for a ride and sweep the cobwebs away. But I'm not

going near the moor, that dreadful penitentiary always looms up and brings back all those terrible experiences. I want to do some shopping at Shagford village anyway. Miss Gascoigne then dismounted at the little church and entered, going straight up the aisle and kneeling at the chancel railing, Sir Arthur beside her. There these two offered up to the "Great Spirit" of the whiteman, as KoKeKee would have expressed it, a short earnest prayer for Freemantle. It was the white womans answer to the red. "Lord remember me this day in thy Kingdom". After church they remounted as the Vicar stood before the porch talking to a parishioner "a strikingly handsome couple and I have never seen such a superb rider as Miss Gascoigne". The latter and her companion put the horses to a gallop and returning through the village stopped at a small drapers shop. In a very short time they arrived at the house and went straight to their rooms to dress for dinner. After the latter Mrs. Gascoigne handed her daughter a cable, from her son, which read: You had better close house indefinitely and all join me at Winnipeg, where I shall meet you with a strong escort of mounted police. Karonwee knows the ropes, place arrangements in his hands, cable when you leave



and name of ship. After dinner, Mrs. Gascoigne cabled full particulars. They would leave Southampton this day week, on the "North Star". Sir Arthur intimated that he must get back to work at once KoKeKee then spoke up. Why can't you come with us Sir Arthur, and smiling roguishly added, Laloteke won't mind. Both the latter, and Sir Arthur, tried to hide their blushes and embarrassment but failed ignobly. Well of all the saucy little imps cried Miss Gascoigne stamping her foot. In two days all preparations completed they all departed, Sir Arthur bade his fond, fair adieu more lingeringly of course to Miss Gascoigne and having cabled Pasteur, the day before, to meet him at the lawyer, Freemantle's office, went straight there himself. He met the latter and a few minutes later was joined by Pasteur. You are just in time to lunch with me, said Freemantle, we shall meet for business afterwards.

Before we discuss the bequest, said the lawyer, I would like you to reflect on one which I have to make myself. I see you looking at my mourning badgs, yes he died shortly after you left him. You know, of course, that I am the only relation he had in the world and, although he did all he could at the last to eradicate his glaring

crimes, perhaps, let us hope, that God may judge him more leniently. His work for posterity was immense, like Kelvin, Jenner Koch, Morse, Hertz and the other great scientists of all ages, he will take rank as one of the first humanitarians of the world. He made many bacterial discoveries and among the implements in his laboratories, you will find, test tubes, retorts, furnaces, fluids for the culture of bacilli, appliances which double the magnifying power of the microscope, etc.

Now, you Sir Arthur and Monsieur Pasteur, have only to read my brother's will and then I shall have it probated and mailed to you. My own business is simply this, that as I'm a richer man than even my brother, I will now hand you my cheque for 20,000 pounds, being the first installment of 50,000 pounds which I shall pay you, also, before the end of this year (1885) and I wish you to accept it in trust, half to go to the hospital for, and maintenance of, soldiers' widows and orphans, the balance to be invested, and the interest used only, as an endowment therefor. In justice to my unfortunate brother I must say, that with the exception of the two hideous crimes, he was an exceptionally good man and his charities wide, and

well placed. That terrible brain wave, no doubt the result of over study and work, is difficult to account for. My brother, though a social recluse, met, in the course of his practice, only cultured people and among them dozens of the most beautiful women in England.

Regarding his love for Miss Gascoigne, it was as real and fervent as Michael Angelo's for his Vittoria Collona, or that Dante, the immortal, saw in his dreams and hoped and prayed to meet as a material, and not as a spiritual, Beatrice.

Now, gentlemen, you will have a great deal to do, it will employ a large portion of your time each year to carry out this trust. When you receive the balance of my gift, and add it to my brother's, it will total 100,000 pounds. I am very much obliged for your courtesy and attention and I bid you farewell as my poor brother did. Our paths through life lie far apart and it is not probable we shall meet again. Sir Arthur and Monsieur Pasteur conferred for a few minutes and then said. Mr. Freemantle, my friend and I beg to annunce that we deeply wish we had met under normal and pleaster circumstances but, as it has been ordained otherwise, we have first to intimate that we will remember your celebrated brother only as one of the World's

greatest benefactors who, so far as any rational being's judgement goes, must surely for a time have been temporally insane, we prefer to let it go at that. Mr. Freemantle, we thank you sincerely for your own magnificent contribution and you will, in due time, receive from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Sirdar, officially, an acknowledgment and they, rest assured, shall be surprised, and gratified beyond belief. The interview closed. In a week, Sir Arthur Antrobus sailed for Cairo, taking with him an eminent architect, and much surprised the Sirdar and indeed he could not hide his astonishment, when introduced to Sir Arthur's companion. You will have for the hospital an endowment of 75,000 pounds cash, here are the plans which exhibit one of the handsomest designs for a building, suitable for our needs, in Egypt or the Sudan. The Queen, and Prince of Wales, are delighted and I'm sure, the Khadive will also be pleased, as it is for his native troops as well as ours. The 25,000 pounds which Professor Freemantle left, for the erection of an indian school in the Canadian West, is to be rushed at once. The 500 pounds, reward, by Colonel Gascoigne is to supplement the expenses of this school, as the indian maiden, KoKeKee refused it for herself.



CHAPTER 29

Well really, Sir Arthur, remarked the Sirdar, this is better than a good dream, why that indian girl is an actual angel of light and that poor devil Freemantle has indeed expiated his crime and his brother has acted with extraordinary generosity. Their ancestors must have had good clean blood in their veins. Sir Arthur intimated that he would wait till the plans had been studied, and the site chosen, before going back to his work in London for you know, Sirdar, I shall not have a client left if I remain away longer. and I assure you I'm not a rich man.

You will still be more astonished to learn that Professor Freemantle wrote to all his patients, most of them comprise the foremost men and women in London, recommending me as his successor and pointing out that I am one of the foremost medical scientists and a pupil, and associate, of the famous Pasteur-Really, exclaimed the Sirdar, Freemantle was a most extraordinary man abounding in, and possessing, good points. The plans, after a week's discuss-

ion, and the site selected, were unanimously approved, the Khedive being added to the board of management. The site chosen was a beautiful one, on a gentle rise, an acre was purchased sufficient for a flower and vegetable garden.

When this preliminary work was completed Sir Arthur returned to London and passing through Paris stayed a week with Pasteur. The latter said he had not crossed the path of more interesting personalities in his life, than those Sir Arthur had introduced to him, during the past month. Perhaps the two most striking of the group, however, are first KoKeKee, the indian maiden, and Professor Freemantle. The first is a most lovable character and, only think a full blood indian too. The second, the world has been enriched by his great works and "Oh, mon Dieu", what may it not have lost by his death. Next morning Sir Arthur boarded the Channel boat.

Colonel A. G. Irvine, the Commissioner of the N. W. Mounted Police, had just returned from a most exhaustive trip, accompanied by 100 Blackfeet and 50 constables, all picked men. It was a dangerous ride, as the whole of the north country was in open rebellion. The Colonel's description of the north was picturesque and



life like. "The arctic winter had lost its grip, then came the sun. Spring with its chinooks had thawed the drifts, and most of the snow had disappeared from the open. Hardy flowers, were showing at the edge of the remaining banks of snow. Skunk cabbage thrust through at the foot of the cottonwoods and tips of the latter and the willow, swelled preparatory to extending their shoots. A few bears were showing already and were nibbling the tender blades of grass and the new willow shoots. The ice had disappeared from the streams. Silvery notes were drifting from on high, a few sloughs reflected the rays of the sun, as if they shone on polished silver. Mingled with the clarion notes of the swans, long "V" shaped squadrons of gray geese gabbed joyously, as pitching down from the clouds they landed in the marshes of the lake.

As if this were the signal, the glorious spring captured the country, while countless feathered battalions swept in from their hundreds of miles migrations. White banks of geese hurried through to nest in the tundra, on the shores of the Arctic. Ducks of many varieties came in from the south, greebes, fly catchers, plovers and curlews dropped from the blue. A flock of

sand-hill cranes made a landing on a little Knoll, while south on Long Lake clouds of pelican were diving for white fish. The swish of wings filled the air by night while the call of the homing plover, and curlew, bugled from on high. Herds of the gray deer, delicate and graceful, the jumping antelope with their two horns and bobtails, were trotting from the south in hundreds, crossing and recrossing re buffalo runs which ran in all directions; north, south, east and west, these bisons had grub staked the Canadian West and enclosed it in a titon's webb. Soaring on high the little prairie lark piped its song, then alighted and revelled amidst the anemone (first flower of spring) the wild rose and violet. Thus did this new Eden appear in May 1885, but peaceful though it appeared, there were cunning and malevolent humans on every side, whose intention it was to kill, to burn and lay waste this fairy land. Men, who, like the foxes they were, stole upon the fledgling prairie chickens and slaughtered them in hundreds. From as far north as Peace River south to the international boundary, east to Manitoba and West to the Rockies, the rebels had laid their plans, all the tribes of the plains were in arms, excepting the Blackfeet and Crees. A mar-



velous radio service (let it be named so) was organized, covering thousands of miles, smoke screens and heliograph by day and bonfires by night, were the means of a wonderful system of communication. They had their "Morse", "A B C" and Marconi codes; just as we have today, and long before the news of an engagement reached the press, or even the head quarters of the Mounted Police or the military, the rebel leaders had learned the result and consequently were, always, first to take advantage of it. Runners scouts, the picked and tried men of the rebel forces, Breed and Indian, were continually conveying and exchanging news and orders from one camp to another. These messages were usually vocal but, at times, the importance of the message, necessitated writing and this consisted, generally, of a tiny bit of waxed tissue paper, similar to that used on carrier pigeons, which the indians hid in a quill of a feather twisted into their long hair, stuck in their nostril or even in their mouth.

It was 6.30, the morning of a bright spring day, when the train pulled into the Winnipeg Terminal, where Colonel Gascoigne, in the full uniform of a Commissioner of police, stood greeting his mother, daughter, KoKeKee and Karonwee. A

conveyance was at hand and they all drove to the "Clarendon" where the Colonel told them they should bath, dress and breakfast at 8.30. We must, he added, leave here at 10 sharp, en route to "Lone Wolf Lodge", on horse back across the prairie. So, at the appointed time, the party all drove south, and a little west, to a point immediately between Rosenfeld and Niche, in southern Manitoba. The drive only took four hours, of good going, and on disembarking a wonderful and magnificent sight greeted them. Under a bright blue sky, clear of cloud to the horizon, and drawn up in semicircular formation stood, like statues of colored bronze, 500 Blackfeet in full war paint and 200 of the North West Police, mounted on superb horses with the short rifles of the latter, and the Winchesters of the former, across their backs. A brace of Browning revolvers were in the holsters, attached to the saddle of every horseman. The Blackfeet carried in their belts the traditional tomahawk. The police were in command of the veteran Superintendent, Alexander MacDonald, a native of Lenggerry close to Cornwall and near Montreal. MacDonald had enlisted in 1870 at the time the police were organized and was the strongest man in the force

He was nicknamed "Paper-collar Johnie" as after an expedition into the wilderness, and before reporting, he always tubbed, shaved, changed and put on a paper collar. As soon as the Blackfeet saw Miss Gascoigne and KoKeKee these stoic redmen lost control of themselves, and digging their heels into their mounts sides, rushed forward, raising their tomahawks and yelling. "Loloteke, KoKeKee, shouting how, how meaning. "Welcome welcome our morning and night star princesses". Chief Blackfoot, anticipating the love his redmen had for these two prairie maidens, altho' over eighty years of age, knocked his heels hard into his broncho's ribs and the superb black stallion, responding instantly to the urge, was in front of the girls, the old chief threw his hand up, waved them off, when his young bucks drew their mounts to their haunches and veered them aside. It was a wonderful exhibition of horsemanship and elicited the applause of the police. Then Karonwee was taken aside by Crowfoot and directed to bring the three horses, for the ladies, forward. A fine bay mare and a pinto were, accordingly, brought for Mrs. Gascoigne and KoKeKee who mounted. A side saddle for the former who, like most English women, had


a splendid seat. Loloteke rode her spirited white shaganappi, which had been cared for, like a pet lap dog.

Colonel Gascoigne and Crowfoot, looking extremely anxious, now gave the order to advance and the mounted men fell into line, at once, in the following formation.

The three women and Karonwee in the centre, flanked on both sides by the police, led by MacDonald. At a distance of two hundred feet a circle was formed, and completely surrounded the others, police as well, and the whole cavalcade moved forward, without any deviation, throughout the whole journey of 470 miles.

The weather continued fair and cool. The new shoots of the prairie grass spread before the travellers for miles, as far as the eye could see, thickly sprinkled with violets, roses and crocus, like a vast fairy land. The badger, gopher, the lark and prairie chickens, in thousands rose and flew, in their corkscrew way, making as they did so a loud humming noise, like a huge top. Until ten at night one could read easily, which Colonel Gascoigne did most of the time, his mother having brought with her the latest English newspapers, giving full details of the recent trial, with portraits of all the leading participants.





And now what were the authorities doing during this very serious period ? Not sleeping, I assure you. Sir John A. MacDonald cabled in cipher, to Colonels Irvine and Gascoigne, that he had wires from his Government's secret Agents, informing him that, two days ago, Riel and Charlie Nolan, the half breed, and first lieutenant of the former, had crossed from Montana and were heading, across country, for the river Saskatchewan. It was learned, afterwards, that while he was dictating this despatch to his nephew and private secretary he remarked, now is my opportunity then take my instructions, viz—Along the international boundary from Manitoba to the Rockies, order Colonel Irvine to place an active mounted patrol, consisting of all the police he can spare, as well as a large body of horse of the Blackfeet. No other tribe mind you. Riel escaped us once, it is up to us that he does not do so again. Spread broadcast throughout the land that the Government offers a reward of \$100,000 for the rebel leader, dead or alive.

Volunteer regiments, from the Atlantic to the Rockies, all over the country, are well equipped and on their way to assist. The 40th. regiment of Rifles are well on their way to Prince Albert, which

is threatened on all sides, by the rebels. The Government in Council unanimously pledged to crushout, for all time, by sheer weight of numbers, this rebellion in its inception. Then Sir John, laughing merrily, jumped up and said to his Secretary, "just as we did up the Grits at the last election". And in almost a whisper added-Irvine and Gascoigne will catch on, damn good fellows but as narrow as Alic MacKenzie, from Lambton, the would be premier, who proposes to build the Canadian Pacific Railway across the lakes, no doubt thinking them frozen over, summer as well as winter. Well, well, there in only one cure for that, a dose of "Macdonald's scotch". I wonder if Alic will accept my present.

By this time Colonel Gascoigne's party had arrived at Chief Blacfoot's reserve and there the latter had prepared, in a most sumptuous manner, for an indian, by placing the three ladies in a large military "markee", floored with boards and trewen with buffalo rugs. Two large stretchers for the women, with dried moss for mattress and new Hudsons' Bay blankets as covering. A washstand of an inverted soap box, spread with white doe skin, and a dried deer hide for basin. Racks



were even arranged at the sides for clothes and a center table and chairs, the seats of women willow bark. This markee stood about 50 feet behind a very high flag pole, exactly in the centre of the encircling 500 tepees. When all were assembled the ladies came forth and entered the circle of the Police and indian warriors, in full war paint and feathers, for verily it was a most serious occasion, the warriors were on all sides of them, only waiting orders.



CHAPTER 30

Then Karonwee, at a signal from Crowfoot, hoisted a silken unionjack to the mast head, while the tom-toms sounded, not the peaceful sun, moon or bread dances peace performances but the dreaded war dance of the Blackfeet, which makes them actually mad with blood lust. It was with great difficulty that their chief, and the police, quelled their natural ferocity. Colonels Irvine and Gascoigne and Mrs. Gascoigne then advanced to Crowfoot, Karonwee did the same, with Loloteke and Kokekee.

Loloteke took one more stride facing Crowfoot and said in a voice which reached every listener, "Great Chief of the brave tribe of the Blackfeet. (taking from her bag a morocco case and in turn, drawing from it a silver medal, on a red silken ribbon and raising it high said, in the Blackfoot dialect). The great and good Queen, over the great waters, told me to pin this medal over your loyal heart, in recognition of your faithfulness to her and to her all powerful Government and soldiers. Then thrusting her hand into another bag, attached to her



girdle remarked, and this bag of gold, £1000 the good Queen also told me to place in your hand from her.

Though a typical stoical Indian Crowfoot was moved, as he had never been before, and showed it by the tears which sprang to his eyes, but he was enraged with himself for showing this (as he thought it) childish emotion. Swiftly brushing the tears away, he stamped his feet impatiently, crying out, "no good, no good Crowfoot "niche" (squaw). Then recovering after blaming the "ladies" for his weakness said "Loloteke, tell the great Queen, over the mighty waters, that I place this beautiful medal proudly on my breast, beside my two others, which her Majesty also gave me for being loyal to my country. But why should I not be, am I not Crowfoot and my people also Canadians? All this was delivered with temper and proud demeanor. As for the great gift of money, it was a good and kind thought but Crowfoot needs it not and I shall add it to the sum for the building of our Indian school.


So this most interesting ceremony concluded and Colonel Gascoigne and party, next morning left for "Lone Wolf Ranche" with the same escort. They took this round about way in order to avoid the

rebels, not because they feared an encounter, but that both Colonels Irvine and Gascoigne, should not let their whereabouts be known.

The little party duly arrived at their destination without any untoward incident, and were received by the servants and employees with tokens of unfeigned delight. Crowfoot ordered 250 of his men, which he selected himself to take up their quarters in the stockade and to obey Colonel Gascoigne as if he were for the time Chief. Colonel Irvine and Crowfoot, then bade their friends adieu and left within the hour, direct for Regina where a council of war was to be held very soon. Mrs. and Miss Gascoigne, as well as Kokekee, were amazed to see the bungalow surrounded by the immense stockade, all of which was provided, equipped and armed for a six month's siege. The house would be defended by 50 whites and 250 picked Blackfeet.

Colonel Gascoigne now set to work and labored night and day, provisioning and drilling his garrison. In case of attack the latter were to strip to the waist and that they were the men to fight to the death, a shadow of a doubt did not exist. When every detail was complete. Crow-






foot's scout arrived bearing a despatch to the Colonel, to the effect that a large body of Breeds and Indians had already gone north, their present destination being Lone Wolf Lodge there to subdue the little force, capture the Colonel, the two ladies, Koke-kee and Karonwee and hold them as hostages. He only told the news to the two latter and smiled, quietly saying "A large contract if these fellows only knew the difficulties they would meet with. However, the Colonel did not wait an hour but drawing the garrison around him in the spacious yard of the stockade told them that they had not only to fight desperately for the lives of the women and their scalps, but for their own honor and that of their nation, the Blackfeet and Canada as well. That Queen Victoria would anxiously await the result, praying that the Great Spirit would bring Victory to their tomahawk. At the mention of the latter, the redmen threw high in the air, and caught skifully descending, their tomahawks and hatchets, ran and jumped about wildly, threw weapons with terrific force against the palings, joined hands and danced the war dance in their guttural howling way, to the well known words of te-he-hi hiwaugh, hiwaugh, let us kill, kill and scalp. Truly it was

an awful picture of the primitive, the cave man. Karonwee who was second in command showed the Blackfeet, each man, his station. Kokekee was in charge of the ladies and the Colonel said to the latter "now mind what I say. Obey Kokekee to the letter, if you want to come out of this alive".

It was early May, the large clock on the mantel had struck twelve, Mrs. and Miss Gascoigne were seated before the fire, a light breeze was blowing across the Qu'Appelle, from the north, the sky looked like a huge sea of black ink, no moon but stars and constellations of stars hung in mirriads like electric lights, in all quarters of the heavens. Expectation, anticipation are not pleasant to contemplate but when dreaded forebodings have been the order of the day, for weeks, they affect even the most courageous, morbidly. Twelve thirty, what is that, Mrs. Gascogne said, springing up, the three listened, then Kokekee spoke. "Queen" the big husky, she has scented something evil and is giving warning. Karonwee had brought six of these dogs from Crowfoot's reserve and had given them the freedom of the corral. Huskies have a marvelous sixth sense, very much keener than an Indian's and can scent



and see as no humans or other animals. On the slightest approach of danger they stand up, the hair along the spine moves backward and forward, as though brushed by hand, then they burst out in a high weird note, half wolf and half hound. It was this the women heard. Come, with me, at once, into our quarters in the stockade, said Kokekee and the three turning out the lights, ran to their destination.

They found all lights out, every man at his place and the Colonel's employees at the loopholes, rifles cocked. The Indians squatted all around the pailings, a reserve, waiting for the attack. One of the most intelligent of the latter said to the Colonel, "we are surrounded by a large force, Queen, the big Huskie says she smells Indian enemy". And it was literally correct. Colonel Gascoigne then strolled to his room and felt for a button, the death dealing current of electricity was on and God help anyone coming in contact with it.

Four and a half hours went by, no attack, no sound, not even breathing, but the huskies ran around the fence, their feet pattering on the hard baked clay noses extended sniffing, ever sniffing this prolonged uneasiness, most unusual and indicative of approaching danger. The Place was in

pitch darkness, the Indians squatting on their haunches, every sense alert, grasping tomahawk, ready for slaughter and the knife for the scalp-lock. The huskies, led by Queen, at last nosed out Karonwee and together seized him by the deer-skin straps and pulled him over to a particular point, a few feet from the palings and then let go. He knew at once that imminent danger threatened them, and at the same time, a horrible smell assailed his nostrils and the thought struck him, could the foe be piling brush around the stockade and saturating it with bear grease ?



CHAPTER 31

Running to the Colonel's room he told him, in Blackfoot dialect, the circumstances, when the former jumped up, placed his fingers to his lips and merely whispered, "follow". Walking to the centre of the enclosure he circled a large electric torch swiftly around the top of the fence and held it on the spot long enough to see distinctly what caused the extraordinary action of the dogs. He put the light out and seizing Karonwee's arm said. "I know what that is and it means that outside all our enemies have been made prisoners, there will be no assault, but listen for Crowfoot's warning." Then came the long hooting cry of the white owl, repeated three times, and the shrill barking howl of the coyote, the well known Blackfoot warning that help was at hand. Swift as the action of the passing light of the torch was, the Indians saw its revelations and sprang as one man to their feet. The Colonel and Karonwee ran in among them and restored their calm but they were most uneasy and suspicious, as all redmen

are who don't understand what is going on around about. The Colonel's first thought was for the ladies and when he had told them that overwhelming forces, led by Colonel Irvine and Chief Crowfoot had suddenly arrived, stealthily, surrounding their foes and making them prisoners, the women could scarcely trust their ears. Colonel Gascoigne now touched the button and the electric power cables were harmless once more, not a soul but he, even knew the dreadful secret of those wires or what they would shortly reveal at daybreak, but he could partly visualize it. Shortly from within the stockade and from the west, could be discerned the rays of the rising sun, over the tips of the Qu'appelle valley hills, and these grew rapidly 'till a quarter of the glorious disc, a deep brilliant red, tinged with yellow, diffused light and warmth throughout the prairies and issued in another incomparable day. And what a day for the dwellers and defenders of Lone Wolf Lodge.

The first object that drew the attention of the latter was that which the huskies had scented in the darkness, viz. Perched on top of the palings, with one arm extended, grasping a tomahaw, was a splendid specimen of Indian manhood, young, powerful

and in full war paint and feathers. A rifle strapped to his back crosswise, Carterage belt and scalping knife completed this tragic figure. Looking closely into its face there was no look of terror, not even of alarm, but one of extreme surprise as if he saw in a mirror everything but what he expected. Like a bronze statue, by Hebert, he stood out, poised, a resplendent model of manhood.

The acrid pungent smell, that had attracted the huskies, now penetrated the air round about, and was so unpleasant that, the whites and Indians became restless and kept stirring constantly, while the dogs sniffed and yapped.

The bugle of N. W. M. Police sounded without and at the same time Colonel Irvine, his officers, Crowfoot and his Chiefs, in full war paint, demanded admittance and were received by Colonel Gascoigne, Karonwee at his side. Smilingly Colonel Irvine and even Crowfoot and the others, congratulated the commander of Lone Wolf Ranch, requesting Colonel Gascoigne to come with them to inspect the situation outside.

It appears that when scouts had reported the movements of the rebels, Colonel Irvine with 500 mounted constables left Re-

gina and joined Chief Crowfoot in command of three thousand picked men of his tribe. After sending scouts mounted on his fastest mustangs forward and to flank the enemy on both sides, the whole force followed. When nearing Lone Wolf Lodge, one of the scouts returned and reported the enemy as consisting of one thousand reds and five hundred breeds, the former in advance, and that the whole force had chosen their point of attack and that the leaders were now in consultation. Colonel Irvine and Crowfoot quickly decided on sending forward in a complete circle, the whole Indian force, the police to form a smaller ring inside. Evidently, the rebels had been cleverly misdirected for they did not show a sign that they suspected the proximity of their enemies. While the latter were cautiously and very quietly advancing, all the Breeds and their allies had dismounted, tethering their horses. The Breed leader, Charles Nolan, in command. The latter ordered five hundred reds to the attack, the remainder of the force to watch events and guard their mounts. The attack was made in inky blackness so that the Indians had literally to feel their way, but this was easy work for them, trained from infancy, to use their hands and noses in the



darkness, that sixth sense which is their wonderful and special heritage.

As soon as the Indian's body was discovered on the pickets of the fence, the rebels crowded together and remained stock sill, frozen, as it were, where they stood without murmur, or even a whisper. They knew that the youth was dead, that his spirit had flown to "the happy hunting grounds", but who had killed him and by what means, puzzled them. It was horribly mysterious. The poor redmen looked and were panic stricken, they glanced around the stockade uneasily, searching for a loophole of escape but still immovable, as if petrified.

With intense relief they saw their trusted old chief, Crowfoot advancing and ordering them to form a circle around him, he said, my children be not afraid, the Great Spirit of the Blackfeet hath delivered unto us all our enemy coyotes, follow me and I shall show you our captives, 1000 Stonies, Micmacs and wandering Crees, besides 500 half breeds with their Captain Charlie Nolan. All their horses, 500 rifles, cartridges and other arms, are ours and the Commissioner for the North West Mounted Police has made us a present of all.

Before our friends with the garrison had entered the stockade, the Indian school

building had been completed inside and out, but the carpenters, and plasterers, had been putting on the finishing touches, when they had to stop, owing to the rapid advance of the rebels. The Canadian Government had supplemented the building fund, as well as the annual income for its support and operation, by a magnificent contribution of \$200,000, which assured its future as one of the six finest Indian schools and hospitals in the Dominion. The great hospital in Cairo, Egypt, had in the meantime, been erected and opened by a magnificent inauguration ceremony, the Prince of Wales handing the Keys to the Sirdar, General Gordon.

This was the state of affairs, both in Canada and Cairo, with the little group of our story and it continues where Crowfoot led his contingent of Indians outside, to show them the conditions there. They found all the police and Blackfeet dismounted and drawn up in half moon shape, fully armed and within the latter, the prisoners were placed in line, double file, the half-breeds at the right and the redmen on the left. Then Crowfoot and Colonel Gascoigne showed them the horses and captured rifles (stacked) and all the clutter attendant on 1500 prisoners. At last, and with



apparent reluctance, he took them around the outside of the fence, surrounding Lone Wolf Lodge.


It is safe to say that no more terrible sight had been seen in any campaign, war or battle since the beginning of history, perhaps of time itself. That is a "large" statement the reader will say, but listen. It was an ideal day, so much so that it is no exaggeration to call it "God's own day". The ladies were kept within the temporary rooms of the corral, on purpose. The stockade glowed in the morning sun and a close inspection revealed nothing unusual in the fence itself. A grassy slope of luxuriant lawn grass ran right up to it. Singly, in twos, threes or larger groups, as if placed there by some eminent artists and sculptors, were splendid models of Indian manhood, whose powerful, though supple torsos, rippled with muscles, and the thighs, biceps, shoulders and backs were woven, and crossed, as if with whip cords. These bronze figures were in all the poses, and postures possible to the human frame. Some had just placed their feet on the ledge, twelve inches from the ground, others had jumped and caught at the transverse beams to which the uprights had been bolted, others hung with arms full length from the

top of the fence to which, in their eagerness they had jumped. Some of the shorter Indians were poised on the shoulders of their more robust comrades, arms extended in the act of catching the sharpened pickets of the enclosure, while many had fallen, huddled together in small or large groups on the lawn at the foot of the palings. Some of the bodies were stretched on the sward face up, others on their stomach and still others on their sides. A few were caught by the heads in the embrasures made for the rifles of the defenders, and held, as in a trap, the toes above the ground. Two Indians joined hand in hand, had climbed almost to the top of one of the corner towers, when death met him, in an attempt to pull his brother up, when the current striking the former had passed through the other as well. Since Colonel Gascoigne had disconnected the current, many of these poor Indians had sagged, their heads drooped with chin on chest, but so firmly had they gripped, it was with difficulty their holds were broken. All this time the fearful acrid smell penetrated the atmosphere for a very considerable radius. On inspecting the faces of this tragic hord of 500 humans, the same expression of startled surprise showed on all

these faces of men, in the very prime of splendid manhood, identically the same as the young warrior who had managed to climb to the top of the palings. There was no look of awe, or terror, only that of intense curiosity as if suddenly seeing and exclaiming, "What does this mean, explain. The Blackfeet never uttered a sound, they kept yards distant from the dead bodies and from sheer fright and mystery, held their war clubs poised ready to strike. When Crowfoot turned and said, "that is all, but the Great Spirit did that for us, here's a full moon tonight see that you beat the tom-toms and thank him". They wheeled about and joined their comrades at the double, like children hiding under the bed clothes in a dark room.

Colonel Gascoigne explained to Colonel Irvine, but to him only, as yet, the secret of the charged wire. He said, in confidence, I tell you that Edison and I have been, for long experimenting on the transmission of power by wire. It is not yet given to the world, but Edison agreed to allow us to use it in this emergency. We two are great friends and as I studied and passed as a military engineer, I have carried it on as a hobby. While putting in the pipes and pumps, to convey water to my house and

ranch, the idea came to me and as I reasoned, if Morse, et al. carried words thousands of miles by a tiny steel wire and Kelvin evolved no doubt from this and cruder methods handed down from inventive predecessors, the copper wires which eventually, carried duplex messages across the ocean, why is it not possible to transmit power in the same manner. The reason of the apparent delay in the siege of my Lodge was known only to myself. Charles Nolan sent the Indians forward first, holding themselves in reserve, but as the former never returned, he, with his second in command only, proceeded to the fence to investigate, with the result now understood. These two breeds saw all the dead Indians but it was a dreadful mystery to them, and they had the common sense to keep it to themselves, knowing the childish character of the Indian, they were aware that all the redskin braves would become panic stricken and decamp. Colonel Irvine then rode to the headquarters of the police Regina, where he had important matters to superintend. Meantime a large force of Indians and breeds had proceeded north to Great Slave Lake and were closely followed by a strong detachment of N. W. Mounted Police and the famous Bolton Scouts who performed



great work as long as the rebellion lasted. General Middleton, then in supreme command of the whole militia of Canada, was at this time, following to Clarks Crossing on the banks of the river Saskatchewan, the objective. He had with him the famous rifle regiment from Winnipeg, the Queen's own rifles, Toronto, the garrison and field artillery of Ottawa and Montreal, the French Canadian infantry, under Colonel LaBelle. Several regiments from the Maritime Provinces, besides the regular batteries of Quebec, commanded by Rutherford. Sir John A. Macdonald true to his word, was flooding the North West with the cream of Canada's soldiers, many of whom were gentlemen, well educated, mentally and physically fitted for the undertaking and the hard labor it entailed of marching hundreds of miles, after a crafty and courageous foe.

CHAPTER 32

General Middleton was a short florid complexioned man, clean shaven, stout and moved slowly. Mentally narrow minded and selfish. For some unaccountable reason he took a violent dislike to the North West Mounted Police systematically kept them out of all engagements which could add to their glory, and treated them, generally with contempt. Nevertheless, this force was the first to go into action against the half breeds at Clark's Crossing and Fish Creek, where Captain John French was killed, leading gallantly against a strong and entrenched force.

Shortly after this Louis Riel, the rebel Chief and his officers, were captured and taken prisoners, then conveyed to Regina. Then a very strong flying column went into the north pursuing Big Bear and Poundmaker, Chiefs who had joined up with Riel and had from the beginning, caused no end of trouble. These two trouble makers were soon made prisoners, caught amidst the very dangerous and immense bogs, marshes and



muskegs of the far north. This finally broke the back of the rebellion and peace was quickly restored.

After this events shaped themselves quickly. Professor Graham Bell's telephone evolved, the many police posts were connected thereby. Settlers from Europe and the United States, began pouring into the west and the Canadian Pacific Railway was nearing completion.

Colonel Gascoigne had his stockade taken down and life had resumed normal conditions at Lone Wolf Lodge ranch. The colonel had, as a reward for their loyalty, increased the wages of all his employees, even the maids of the bungalow.

The school was now complete to the last nail, the handsome furniture had been placed, the gift of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mrs. Gascoigne had cabled for Sir

Arthur Antrobus to be sure and leave forthwith for the opening and inauguration day.

On the outside of the school building mounted in full uniform were a detachment, 500 strong of the N. W. M. Police. Their regimental band occupied the centre within the circle and 25 feet from the entrance of the building. The tom-toms were behind the latter. The leading

guests in attendance were the Commissioner Hudson's Bay Co., Chief Factor Macdonald Fort Qu'appelle and Factor Scaforth Clouston of Moose Mountain, the father of E. S. Clouston, the distinguished General Manager, Bank of Montreal, A. E. and Mrs. Forget the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and many other notables. Residents of all the leading towns and villages, from Manitoba to the foot hills of the Rockies, were present. Rev'd H. Have-lock Smith, acted as Bishop Anson's Chaplain.



CHAPTER 33

The opening ceremony began by the Bishop offering up a brief but eloquent prayer. This was followed by impressive addresses by the Lieut. Governor and Colonel Gascoigne giving the history of the philanthropic enterprise donors etc., etc. Chief Crowfoot then addressed the Indians in their native tongue, the tom-toms beat and at their conclusion the N. W. P. band struck up, "O Canada" and then "God save the Queen" when the Union Jack drifted to the mast head amidst ringing cheers. Chief Crowfoot stepped forward was handed the keys in the following words by the Lieut. Governor. "Great Chief of the Blackfeet, I have the honor of handing these keys to you, which open the doors of this splendid school to all Indians in the Canadian West, may the Great Spirit bless you and them"

A week before this Sir Arthur Antrobus had proposed to and been accepted by Miss Gascoigne when they had been seated on the Lodge verandah. The latter took out of her little beaded bag a small antique gold snuff-box, and from it drew a beautiful

necklace saying, during the seige and ever since, I have carried this, it is my chief treasure, the Gascoigne family pearls, and heirloom are they not beautiful. They are indeed but, do you know, I'm far more interested in this, taking up the box, on the lid of which was, "the heart pierced by an arrow and the word "through" beneath. Where and how, did you get this? Miss Gascoigne told him the circumstances and added, why do you ask? Well, and smilingly, only because I'm the young man in the case. Nonsense, my dear, she replied, you are dreaming, aren't you? Certainly not and told the whole romantic story adding, you will still be surprised to know that I'm your third cousin and that your father has known all about it. we quarrelled, he has forgiven me and it was all my own fault. A great event happened, in the open air on the Blackfoot Crossing reserve a month after, on the 1st September 1885, the simultaneous wedding of Sir Arthur Antrobus to Miss Gascoigne and Karonwee to Kokekee all dressed in Indian costume, excepting, Sir Arthur and mounted on white bronchos, Miss Gascoigne seated on her milk white chagannappi pony. The Rev'd. H. Havelock Smith performed the ceremony, after which Sir Arthur, with

great ceremony was made a Chieftain of the Blackfeet, the war bonnet was placed on his head and a beautiful plume of the Rocky Mountain eagle handed him by Crowfoot. A Month after Sir Arthur and his bride, took their departure for London, to take up permanent residence there. Karonwee and his bride were to live in a beautiful little bungalow which he Colonel had built for them, quite close to Lone Wolf Lodge.

Sir John A. Macdonald had cabled to Colonel Gascoigne that, on his strong recommendation, he had been graciously created by Her Majesty a "Baronet" and Colonel Irvine "K C M G". The Indian school was now in operation, under a distinguished Principal and staff of teachers and judging from the hundreds of pupils enrolled, visioned, for all time, a huge success. Chief

Crowfoot, Karonwee and Kokekee were standing in the lofty ornate entrance hall, the walls of which, from base to ceiling, were embellished by the most beautiful collection of beaded work in existence, made by twenty five squaws of the Blackfeet and Cree reserves, under the direction of Kokekee.

The three Indians, epitomising summer and winter, were standing in front of the

replica in bronze of Hebert's great work, in stone, which may be seen on one of the corners of the base of the statue to Maisonneuve which stands on Place d'Armes Square, Montreal. The figure represents a magnificent life size Iroquois warrior, naked to the waist, with bow and arrow in one hand, a tomahawk in the other. Crowfoot and his companions, were admiring this when a handsome bronze plaque on the wall behind caught their eye.

He asked Kokekee to read the immortal lines of Rudyard Kipling,
"Land of our birth, our faith our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died.
O Motherland we pledge to thee
Head, hearts and hand throughout the
years".

At its conclusion Crowfoot patted the shoulder of the warrior saying. "How, How! brave Indian Blackfoot, good! Then the group returned to the magnificent bronze plake, bolted to the right wall of the entrance, the place of honor. This beautiful casting, the original by Fra Angelico, represents a beautiful and joyous figure of the Christ blessing a group of children, life like and gracefully posed around the greatest teacher of all times. Read that, Crowfoot said, passing his poor withered

fingers over the faces. Kokekee in a low, mellow voice complied. "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."



